The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 598. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER] SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRITISH ADVANCE AT LE TRANSLOY

MPORTANT POSITION ON SOMME CAPTURED.

RITISH TAKE OVER 350 PRISONERS: COUNTER-ATTACKS REPULSED.

PEACE BY THE SWORD"—KAISER'S WRATHFUL BIRTHDAY MESSAGE.

successful operation was carried out by the British yesterday at Le Transloy, an important position on the Somme battle front. All our objectives were gained; over 350 prisoners were taken, and Sir Douglas Haig reports "our casualties were very slight."

daylight raid at Neuville St Vaast yielded us prisoners. We had no casualties.

message from Athens says that the notorious Reservist League has been dissolved, and that the ceremony of saluting the Allies' colours demanded in the Ultimatum to King Constantine will be carried out on Monday.

e Roumanian situation is regarded as satisfactory. A report from Jassy states the German attacks are now less frequent and less violent. Some fourteen Roumanian generals have been retired, and their positions taken by younger officers.

cording to information furnished to the Serbian authorities, the Bulgarians have suffered enormous losses on the Cerna front, amounting in instances to over half their effectives.

aracteristic birthday messages have been sent out by the Kaiser. In one message he hopes to "enforce by means of the sword the peace necessary for the development of the German people." In an order of thanks to his troops in East Africa he says:—Whatever fate the Lord God may have in store for this small band of heroes, the Fatherland remembers with pride its sons fighting in distant Africa.

ATTACK AT LE TRANSLOY.

LL OUR OBJECTIVES GAINED.

MANY PRISONERS—"OUR CASUALTIES VERY SLIGHT."

London, Saturday Night.

ld-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig reports to-from General Headquarters as fol-

A successful operation was carried out y our troops on the Somme battle front arly this morning, in the neighbour-ood of Le Transloy.

The whole of the objectives attacked ere gained, and a commanding portion f the enemy's position was captured.

We have taken over 350 prisoners, mong whom are six officers.

Vigorous counter-attacks were made by e enemy during the day to regain the st ground. These were all driven back y our fire with heavy losses.

Our total casualties were very slight.

ANOTHER DAYLIGHT RAID.

The enemy's positions were raided by in daylight this morning north-east Neuville St Vaast. Prisoners were ured, and dug-outs containing some n Germans were destroyed. We had casualties.

The enemy's trenches were also entered t night by one of our patrols north-st of Vermelles, and a number of asualties inflicted on the hostile garri-n.

MANY CASUALTIES INFLICTED ON ENEMY.

We bombarded the enemy's positions day in the neighbourhood of Serre, d greatly damaged his defences.

North-east of Arras hostile working parties were dispersed by our fire, and north of Hulluch a body of enemy infantry were caught by our artillery in the open, and suffered many casualties.

There has been considerable artillery activity on both sides in the neighbourhood of Armentieres and Ypres.

MORE ENEMY AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

Hostile aircraft showed less enterprise yesterday. Much useful work was done by our aeroplanes, and two enemy machines were destroyed. Another enemy machine was forced to land in a damaged condition. Two of our machines are missing.

Of the enemy's machines destroyed since 23d inst., six fell on our side of the line.

LE TRANSLOY: A KEY POSITION.

Le Transloy, where the British troops have achieved a further triumph, was the scene of very heavy fighting during the autumn offensive by the Allies. It is a key position to Bapaume, as it lies on the high ground on the Peronne-Bapaume road.

A very satisfactory feature of the latest attack is the fact that Sir Douglas Haig specifically states that our total casualties in this offensive were very slight. In connection with the British daylight raid at Neuville St Vaast the Field-Marshal states—"We had no casualties."

BRITISH ATTACKS AT LA BASSEE.

London, Saturday Night.

The following is to-day's German report:—Western Theatre.—Army of Archduke Albrecht—South-west of Dixmude a Belgian post consisting of ten men was captured by surprise without any casualties on our side.

Army of Prince Rupprecht.—South of La Bassee Canal several attacks, preceded by preparatory fire, made by British detachments failed. South-west of Chilly French troops, which advanced against our trenches, were repulsed.

Our reconnoitring parties found the enemy's first line near Barleux unoccupied.

Army of the Crown Prince.—An unsuccessful night attack was made by the French against the positions of Hill 304, which we captured from them, was followed during the morning by a further attack, which also broke down with sanguinary losses.

GREAT CROP OF RAIDS

FOLLOW SPELL OF FROST IN FRANCE.

PRISONERS SAY END MUST COME SOON.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Association's special correspondent at British Headquarters in the Field, France, says, January 26:—

During the past week Northern France has been in the grip of a frost which seems to grow steadily more severe, notwithstanding the bright sunshine of the past three days.

The result has been a considerable increase of activity everywhere along the line. The iron-hard surface of the roads has furnished opportunity for the transport of much heavy material and guns which could not be moved at all during the previous weeks of mud.

Crop of Raids.

The crop of raids during the past few days has been responsible for a pretty heavy aggregate casualty list to the enemy as well as a considerable number of prisoners. The Germans have attempted several of these expeditions, but the half-hearted way in which these are usually carried out is conclusive testimony to the ebbing morale of the troops.

Indeed, prisoners admit that there is no stomach for raiding amongst the enemy ranks, and that although the parties are specially picked men it is often a matter of very forcible persuasion to get them to go across and face the British.

Prisoners' Peace Talk.

In curious contrast to our army, which scarcely ever discusses all the current talk about peace, the German prisoners have scarcely any other subject of conversation. They still cling to an honourable peace, which apparently means escaping defeat for Germany, but they all agree that the end must come pretty soon.

KAISER'S BIRTH-DAY ATTACK.

"MESSAGE OF DEATH" FROM BRITISH.

London, Saturday Night.

The following despatch has been telegraphed by the Press Association special correspondent on the British front, dated War Correspondents' Headquarters, 5.10 p.m., Saturday:—

The British Army ushered in the Kaiser's birthday in characteristic fashion in the Somme area.

Whilst the frozen snow was beginning to glisten like crystals in the broadening dawn the guns thundered out a message, not of greeting, but of death. The whirlwind bombardment rolled down the shrill north-easter like the drubbing of a myriad demon drums.

A long line of troops suddenly soared from British trenches and went across No Man's Land with that deliberate procession which has formed such a feature of these recent operations.

The enemy seems to have made but a poor fight of it, though it is too early as yet to get full details of the affair.

What really matters is that heavy losses were inflicted upon the Boches, and that about 250 of them surrendered.

Our casualties, I understand, were very light, the machine gun fire of the enemy being kept well under by our gunners, whilst in general features the attack appears to have been very similar to the kind of operations I have several times recently described.

It is gratifying to find that the spirit of our troops remains so indomitable under the stress of this terribly severe frost.

"Many unhappy returns of the day to the Kaiser" has been the trench slogan all along our front, and judging by the activity of the British artillery this has been expressed in terms which his subjects cannot fail to understand.

GENERAL SMUTS RETURNS TO PRETORIA.

Johannesburg, Friday (Received Saturday).

General Smuts was warmly welcomed by all sections in Pretoria when he arrived from German East Africa on Friday.

He paid a tribute to the fighting powers of the Askaris, and referred to the brave German commander. He concluded by expressing the certainty that the end of the campaign was near.

GERMANS HELD ON SERETH.

FEWER AND LESS VIOLENT ATTACKS.

FOURTEEN ROUMANIAN GENERALS RETIRED.

Jassy (Received Saturday Night).

The very severe cold and heavy snowfall are hindering all military operations.

On the Carpathians, Moldavian, and Sereth fronts the situation continues to be satisfactory, without there being any great change. The enemy's attacks are less frequent and less violent than the recent unsuccessful attempts in the regions of the Oitux and Cashin regions.

The efforts of the enemy seem now to be directed in the region of Nanesti and the confluence of the Putna and the Sereth, where alternating advances and retirements without strategic importance are taking place.

The German communiques acknowledge that they are encountering strong resistance, and that the Russo-Roumanian armies are fighting fiercely.

The 15th Roumanian Corps has been the object of the King's congratulations for its valour and devotion in face of the enemy.

The official gazette announces that fourteen generals of divisions and brigades have been placed on the retired list, and have been succeeded by junior officers. This infusion of young blood into the army is well received.

MR REDMOND AND IRISH SOLDIERS.

COUNTRY'S INTERESTS LIE IN ALLIES' VICTORY.

Dublin, Saturday.

In connection with the luncheon at the Mansion House, Dublin, today to the officers of the Irish Canadian Rangers, Mr John Redmond, M.P. addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

After regretting his inability to attend the function owing to ill-health, Mr Redmond continues—Ireland is very proud of these sons of the Irish race who in every part of the Empire have followed the lead which Ireland herself gave. From the very commencement of the war very many of my colleagues and I myself on scores of public platforms declared that Ireland's highest interest was in the speedy and victorious ending of the war, and I myself have never ceased from that day to this in pointing out where Ireland's interest, honour, and duty lie in this struggle in defence of civilisation and liberty.

The response of the Irish race has been one of the most astonishing facts in history, and has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations entertained at the commencement of the war.

From Ireland itself, according to the latest official figures, 173,772 Irishmen are serving in the navy and army, representing all classes and creeds amongst our people. From careful inquiries the calculation has been made on high authority that at least 150,000 sons of the Irish race, most of them born in Ireland itself, have joined the colours.

In Great Britain it is a pathetic circumstance that these men are almost forgotten except when their names appear in the casualty lists of non-Irish regiments. Some of the Irish papers have for a considerable time past been publishing day by day special casualty lists under the heading "Irish casualties in British regiments." Let me give you a summary of one of these daily lists taken quite haphazard and published on the 1st November, 1916. There are in the list 225 names all distinctly Irish, or O'Briens, O'Hanlons, Donovans, &c. These men were scattered amongst non-Irish regiments.

CHILD'S BODY IN KIT BAG.

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY ON QUAY.

Sunderland, Saturday Night.

The body of a two-year-old girl was discovered to-day on the riverside at Sunderland. It was enclosed in a soldier's kit bag marked K.O.S.B., and was quite nude.

With it in the bag was a heavy piece of iron, apparently placed there to sink the bag in the water, but the bundle had fallen on the quayside and was quite dry. The cause of death is a mystery, as there are no indications of violence, the only marks being a few bruises.

The remains had not been identified up to this evening, and no child had been reported missing.

'PEACE BY THE SWORD.'

KAISER'S BIRTH-DAY MESSAGE.

VALEDICTORY ORDER TO EAST AFRICAN TROOPS.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The German papers anounce that the German Emperor has telegraphed from General Headquarters, in reply to birth-day congratulations of the Academy of Sciences, as follows:—

> The unshakeable determination to achieve victory of the German people, which is prepared for every sacrifice of blood and treasure, will, I trust to God, preserve the Fatherland from the ruin planned by our enemies, "and will enforce by means of the sword the peace necessary for the blessed development of our peoples."

EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN NEARING CLOSE.

Kaiser's Order of Thanks to His Troops.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

An official telegram from Berlin states that the German Emperor sent, on the occasion of his birthday, the following order to the German Colonial Secretary,—

For thirty months the Colonial troops of East Africa, cut off from all regular communication at home, have been fighting uninterruptedly against an enemy who is far superior in numbers and weapons. Fighting in a tropical climate and with only the simplest facilities, the Colonial troops, under their brave commander, have performed deeds which are worthy to rank beside the achievements of the forces at home.

Under the worst conditions imaginable they have beaten in numerous battles and skirmishes the British, Belgian, and Portuguese forces placed in the field against our colony, and for a long time carried war into the enemy's country.

In the subsequent fighting they have relinquished every foot of German soil before an overwhelming superiority only after the stubbornest resistance, and to-day they still protect the German flag in East Africa.

Whatever fate the Lord God may have in store for this small band of heroes, the Fatherland remembers with pride its sons fighting in distant Africa. I proclaim my Imperial thanks to, and my high recognition of, the troops for their heroic perseverance in an unequal battle. I command you to communicate this order to my Colonial troops as soon as possible.

[London, Saturday Night.—This order may be taken to presage the complete capture of German East Africa by the British and Allied forces. At present the Germans are hemmed in in an area in the south-west district of the colony, and their complete surrender is but a matter of time. The German Colonial Secretary has a difficult task in obeying the Imperial behest to deliver the order "as soon as possible," as the German troops are now entirely cut off from outside communication.]

KAISER'S SPEECH AT BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON.

The Refusal of His Peace Offer.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A Vienna telegram states that Emperor Charles arrived yesterday at German Main Headquarters in order to congratulate the German Emperor on the occasion of his birthday.

The German Emperor, replying, said:—I express my warmest thanks to your Majesty as a true friend and ally for your visit and congratulations. Your Majesty's presence here to-day is a new and sublime proof to me that in joy and sorrow, in dark hours as well as in sunny days, your Majesty and your army and people feel themselves at one with me and my army and people in their unshakable purpose to bring the present war, with the help of the Almighty, to a happy and joyful conclusion for our peoples.

The refusal of our offer of peace will recoil on those who roughly rejected our sincere act of conciliation. Glory has crowned the forces of Austria-Hungary and Germany, who, in conjunction with our Allies, will win for our countries a peace in which the bonds of friendship between us and our peoples, cemented by blood and iron, will prove firm and true in the common work of peace henceforth.

42 AEROPLANES DESTROYED.

ALLIED AIRMEN'S GREAT OFFENSIVE.

AERIAL SUPERIORITY IN WEST.

London, Saturday Night.

A remarkable feature of the communiques received to-day and throughout the week from the West front is the reports of extensive aerial activity, in the course of which the Allies have won substantial successes.

Including to-day's reports, the Allies have since Tuesday last destroyed forty-two enemy aeroplanes and caused twelve enemy aeroplanes to descend in a damaged condition. In that period ten Allied aeroplanes are reported missing.

Another feature is that Lieutenant Guynemer, the famous French airman, has been mentioned in the communiques on four successive days as having brought down hostile machines. His latest aerial victories bring the number of machines brought down by this officer up to thirty.

The following is the record of the Allied airmen on the West front during the last five days:—

From Allies' reports.	Enemy machines destroyed.	Enemy machines down damaged.	Allied machines missing.
Saturday—British, ...	2	1	2
,, French, ...	5	—	—
Friday—British, ...	5	5	1
,, French, ...	7	—	—
Thursday—British, ...	5	3	3
,, French, ...	2	—	—
Wednesday—British	6	3	3
,, French,	4	—	—
Tuesday—British, ...	1	—	1
,, French, ...	5	—	—
	42	12	10

TWO MORE VICTIMS TO LIEUTENANT GUYNEMER.

Paris, Saturday.

The following official report on the work of French airmen is issued here to-day:—

During the daytime of the 26th our scouting aeroplanes engaged in numerous fights, in the course of which five enemy aeroplanes were brought down.

Two of these machines fell in the region of Verdun, one to the north of Ginchey, the other near Mont Faucon. The two others were brought down at Troslypreuil and near Calepont Oise respectively.

The first machine, attacked by Lieutenant Guynemer, was compelled to alight in our lines near Doullens. The aviators taken prisoners confirmed that during the daytime of the 25th an enemy machine attacked by Lieutenant Guynemer was really brought down by him at Goyencourt. The two fresh victories bring up to thirty the number of German machines which this pilot has overcome up to the present.

During the daytime of January 25 two of our aeroplanes bombarded the railway stations and military workshops at Ham. A fire and a big explosion followed.

SQUADRON'S 83 VICTIMS IN A MONTH.

Paris, Saturday.

No. 3 Aviation Squadron, known as the "Storks," brought down up to the 1st January eighty-three German aeroplanes. Three Drachens were burnt. The squadron, whose pilots include Guynemer, received the plunder.

BRIDE LEAVES HONEY-MOON PARTY,

AND IS AFTERWARDS FOUND DEAD.

London, Saturday.

An extraordinary story concerning a missing bride was related at the Stepney Coroner's Court this afternoon, when an inquest was held on Alice Elizabeth Carter (22), who was married in Southwark Cathedral on Christmas Day to a carman living in Bermondsey, and who disappeared the next day, her body being recovered from the Thames at Radcliffe Cross yesterday.

The husband said they kept up a honeymoon party at the house of his mother-in-law at Bankside, and on the evening of Boxing Day they were preparing to leave for their own home in Bermondsey. His wife left the room to put on her hat and coat, but did not return, and information was given to the police of her disappearance. There had been no quarrel, added the witness, and his wife was in excellent spirits.

Deceased's mother bore out this statement. A letter was put in purporting to have been written by a soldier in the Royal Canadian Regiment, who stated that he was on leave on Christmas Day, and was in deceased's company both before and after the marriage. "What has happened to Mrs Carter since," the writer continued, "I will not say in this letter; it is enough when I say that I know all."

The husband, recalled, said he did not know the alleged writer, nor did he attach any importance to the letter.

The jury returned an open verdict.

COMBING OUT THE MINES.

London, Saturday Night.

The combing out of workmen employed in South Wales collieries is still proceeding energetically. Eight travelling Medical Boards are now engaged in the work. In one case reported from Rhondda a man affected by the new Order was formerly a bank cashier, while quite a large number of professional men have been combed out. At one colliery 250 men were examined, and sixty per cent were passed for general service.

GREECE TO SALUTE ALLIES' FLAGS.

ULTIMATUM DEMANDS BEING CARRIED OUT.

DISBANDING NOTORIOUS RESERVIST LEAGUE.

Athens (Received Saturday.

The ceremony of saluting the Allied flags required by the Allies' ultimatum, which was to take place on Saturday, has been postponed until Monday.

In accordance with the clause in the ultimatum a Royal Decree has been signed relieving General Carparis of his office as Commandant of the First Army Corps.

The rigour of the Allies' blockade is being acutely felt.

Athens (Received Saturday).

Sir Francis Elliot, the British Minister, conferred at some length with M. Lambros, the Premier, on details regarding the fulfilment of the demands made in the ultimatum, some of which the diplomats consider are being carried out too slowly, and therefore the blockade has not been raised.

The Cabinet has signed a decree based on the law regarding corporations, whereby it can dissolve all recognised lodges, the existence of which is deemed incompatable with the country's interests. It is announced that the decree has been submitted for the King's signature, and will be published. This will mean the final dissolution of the Reservist Leagues.

[The Reservist League has ever been a sinister element in the Greek situation. This organisation, which is distinct from the Royalist Army, is armed, and has played an audacious part in many of the incidents in Athens that led to trouble. The Reservist organised anti-Entente demonstrations in front of buildings occupied by the Allies' detachments, started violent attacks on these detachments, and took leading parts in the persecution of followers of M. Venezelos.]

BULGARS HEAVILY PUNISHED.

HALF THEIR EFFECTIVES LOST.

GERMANS PREVENT THEM RETIRING BEYOND BABUNA RANGE.

Corfu (Received Saturday Night.)

The Serbian Press Bureau issues the following statement:—

Several of the inhabitants of reoccupied territory whom Bulgarians deported when retiring, and who were employed in constructing field works at the front, have succeeded in escaping to our lines. They recount that according to what they gathered that Bulgarian regiments on the Cerna front have suffered enormous losses, amounting to more than half their effectives, during the recent fighting.

These losses have weakened the morale of the Bulgarians, who would have retired beyond the Babuna range if the Germans had not prevented them.

The Bulgarians express doubt as to whether the territory they have seized could remain in their possession.

The Bulgarians were badly fed, only receiving every day a pound of black bread made of rye and barley and wheat. The German soldiers are also ill-nourished, although their rations are somewhat better than those of the Bulgarians.

WELSH TUNNEL BLOCKED.

Passengers Sleep in Carriages.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed on the Holyhead-Chester line during the night caused by a fall of rock blocking the tunnel between Penmaenmawr and Conway. Trains were stopped from entering the tunnel, and breakdown gangs were soon on the scene.

The Irish mail from Holyhead was stopped at Bangor, and the railway staff was called up to provide refreshments for unexpected guests, who were detained from 1 a.m. to nearly ten o'clock. Many slept in the carriages.

The North-Western Railway officials tackled the difficult problem of the hold-up of traffic with tremendous energy. Every vehicle for miles around was hired, and at the ends of the tunnel passengers' baggage and mails were loaded into all sorts of conveyances and driven over eight miles of road between Llandudno Junction on the one side and Penmaenmawr on the other.

There had also been a fall of rock on the top of the tunnel, over which the road runs, but traffic was not impeded.

FACTORY MANAGER ARRESTED.

Sequel to Shadwell Fire Disaster.

London, Saturday.

The Shadwell fire disaster, in which seven women and girls lost their lives, had a sequel at the Thames Court to-day, when Philip Kalisky, who managed the factory, was charged with manslaughter, following upon the jury's verdict.

Inspector Wright stated that the Coroner handed him his inquisition warrant for the prisoner's arrest. He told Kalisky that he was going to arrest him, and the prisoner replied—"It is very unfortunate."

The Magistrate (to Kalisky)—"Do you wish to ask any qupestions now?"—No sir.

The case was adjourned, the prisoner being allowed bail. It is understood that at the next hearing Mr Muir will appear for the prisoner.

FOOD CONTROLLER'S NEW ORDERS.

RESTRICTIONS AS TO SALE OF RICE.

Malt Stocks for Brewing.

London, Saturday.

The Secretary of the Royal Commission on Wheat Supplies forwards the following for publication:—

The Food Controller has decided that the Royal Commission on Wheat Supplies shall control the importation of rice for sale in the United Kingdom. The trade have been informed that they must take returns for all holdings of rice not arrived and not purchased for the United Kingdom on ex-ship or delivered terms which are taken over at to-day's c.i.f. price. Present holders of rice are free to act as agents of the Royal Commission for resale of their holdings at prices to be fixed from time to time by the Commission, and they will be paid brokerage on such sales.

The amount of such brokerage will be fixed at a later date by the Commission. All holders of rice to arrive are required to furnish the Royal Commission on or before 1st February, 1917, with full particulars of (A) their holdings of rice, and (B) freight engaged for the transport of rice and rice products to this country.

Milk and Malt Stocks.

An Order has been made by the Food Controller revoking and replacing the previous price of Milk Orders in a consolidated form.

No changes of importance are made in the Order, but two amendments of detail are inserted.

An Order has been made by the Food Controller requiring a return of stocks of malt suitable for use in brewing beer and of barley and other information in connection therewith.

The return must be made as for Saturday, February 10, and must be furnished to the Ministry of Food not later than Saturday, February 17.

The Order applies to all maltsters, dealers in malt, and brewers for sale.

Forms of return will be sent to the various establishments concerned so far as known during the course of next week.

The obligation to make a return, however, is imposed, whether or not the form is so sent.

Any person to whom the Order applies who does not receive a form before Saturday next, February 3, should at once apply for a form of return to the Ministry of Food, Grosvenor House, Upper Grosvenor Street, W., as he will be liable to penalties should he fail to make the return in due time.

TRAGIC DEATH OF MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

PROMISING YOUNG OFFICER'S FATE.

York, Saturday.

A distressing tragedy was discovered at the Cavalry Barracks, York, early this morning, when Second-Lieutenant Theodore H. Beit, son of the millionaire South African magnate, Mr Otto Beit, of 49 Belgrave Square, London, was found in his room at the officers' mess in a dying condition, with a sporting gun by his side. He was taken to the Military Hospital, but died soon after admission.

Mr Beit, who was a very promising young officer of twenty, was orderly officer for the day, and the tragedy was discovered through not presenting himself for duty.

After his death a letter was found in his handwriting, in the course of which he stated that his room had been wrecked, and that he could not stand it any longer.

It appeared from inquiries that nothing in his room was damaged, but that some of the contents were in disorder, the bed, for instance, having been converted into what subalterns describe as an apple pie.

Last night some of the young officers were playing a game of bear hunting, a rough and tumble pastime, which involves hiding in different rooms. It is understood that the deceased was to have joined in the game, but forgot the engagement and went to a house of amusement. He returned about 11.30, and found his room in partial disorder through the game.

There was no "ragging," but it is said that the deceased was extremely sensitive, and apparently he thought that what was only done in fun was done deliberately because of his absence.

Mr Beit passed from Sandhurst into the Royal Dragoons last October, and was in training with them. His father is a director of the British South Africa Company.

LATEST WIRES.

Vienna telegrams state that after February 15 the Government will not permit the sale of sugar.

£651,800 have been collected in a four days' campaign in Toronto for subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund.

Summer time will be reintroduced in Germany and Austria-Hungary as from 1st April until the end of September.

The victims of V69, the German destroyer disabled in the North Sea fight, were buried at Ymuiden on Saturday with military honours.

The Canadian Parliament will adjourn on February 7 for two months, to allow Sir Robert Borden to attend the Imperial War Conference.

A telegram from Switzerland states that the Bulgarians have driven all Roumanians from the Dobrudja, and have sequestrated their properties.

The Nieuve Rotterdamsch Courant learns that the Hamburg Prize Court has decided that the torpedoing of the Dutch steamer Berkelstroom was unjustified.

The death has occurred at Queenstown of Mr Charles Eyre Cummins, the last representative in Queenstown of Messrs Cummins, the well-known shipping firm.

LORD DERBY DEFENDS WAR CABINET.

WHY AGRICULTURAL WORKERS ARE CALLED UP.

"STICK IT OUT"—A CALL TO FINAL ACTION.

Liverpool, Saturday Night.

The Earl of Derby, Secretary for War, and Sir Frederick Smith, Attorney-General, to-day addressed in the Empire Theatre, Liverpool, the annual meeting of the Liverpool Working Men's Conservative Association. The theatre was crowded, and upon the arrival on the platform of the right hon. gentlemen the audience rose and sang "Rule Britannia" and the National Anthem amidst scenes of great enthusiasm.

The Earl of Derby, on rising, had a hearty reception. We've entered into this war for a righteous cause, declared his Lordship, and we are not going to stop until we have attained our end (Cheers.) There may be criticisms of method, but I am perfectly certain that there is no weakening on the part of the nation to carry this war through to a successful conclusion. (Loud cheers.) Much water has flowed under the bridges since we met here a year ago. There have been changes in the Government and a new Prime Minister, but though the country changed its Premier it only changed it because it felt that there must be a more ardent prosecution of the war and that no stone should be left unturned to give us a victory which shall not only be a victory for ourselves but shall be a peace to us and to succeeding generations.

War Council and Military Advice.

Into that new Government I had the honour of being invited on a somewhat different status to the previous Secretaries for War. I am not on the War Committee, and I have no wish to be. The representative of the soldiers on that War Committee is a soldier, Sir Willim Robertson—(cheers)—with whom I can work and do work in the most perfect harmony. (Hear, hear.)

I think it is well that the country should know, and above all the army should know, that when military advice is given to the War Cabinet it is not given by a civilian, but by the best soldier we have. (Cheers.)

Criticism of War Office.

The War Office, of course, is always abused. It is a cheap gibe. It is the easiest thing in the world to say, "It is the War Office again; the soldiers have done this," but I should like it to be understood that there are employed in the War Office in various high posts, both at home and abroad, some of the most distinguished men in this country.

Lord Derby referred to the eminent doctors who were in the service of that department, and to its broad-mindedness in accepting for transport service three of the biggest railway managers in the country. There were often cases when the War Office was held up to blame, and there was a particular case which had created somewhat of a disturbance on the calling up of some agricultural labourers.

Calling Up Agricultural Workers.

I mention that, he said, because you should know the full facts. Mr Prothero said he was staggered. It may have been because he is new to his office—(laughter)—but his office cannot have been staggered. Indeed, it was I who ought to have been staggered if they had been any question about taking these men.

We had in the autumn of last year no less than sixty thousand men employed in agriculture, whose claims for exemption have been rejected by the Tribunals, and therefore rightly belong to the army. But I was allowed, with Mr Lloyd George's permission—he was then Secretary for War—to lend those men to agriculture till the beginning of the year, but it was only a case of lending. Of course, I quite understand that a borrower is very often staggered when asked to repay his debts. (Laughter.) This was only a question, not of repaying the debt, but of repaying only half the debt that was owing, and I want you to clearly understand that it was not done until after consultation; it was done with the official sanction of the War Cabinet. Therefore no blame can rest with the War Office in connection with this matter.

Exempted men have undoubtedly been called up, but we are going into the whole matter, and no exempted man shall now be called up, and if he has been called up he shall be returned.

Stick It Through.

The War Office is only part of the vast machine, and all are working together for those interests on which not only the prosperity but the safety of the country depends. (Cheers.)

I ask all of you in regard to the war to stick it through, to show confidence in the army and navy and Government. (Renewed cheers.)

I do not ask you to stifle criticism, but no criticism is of much value unless it provides a remedy, and if you criticise and provide at the same time an alternative you may be doing a great service, but without providing an alternative you are doing a mischievous action in that you are endeavouring to destroy confidence in those it is essential you should have confidence in.

You have got to show your confidence in the generals in the field, not only in Sir Douglas Haig, but those in other spheres of operations. You must show your confidence in Sir W. Robertson, who is the adviser [illegible] the Government, and in the Government itself as a whole. Leave alone criticism of those small matters which won't further the war, and keep your eyes on one goal—complete and decisive victory—(cheers)—and see that any advice you give or any criticism you tender is given with the object of securing that decisive result. (Cheers.)

Rally to the War Loan.

Lord Derby then asked the people to show their confidence by subscribing to the War Loan. He was not sure, he said, that he did not agree with an article in a newspaper which deprecated publishing the huge investments. They were necessary and essential, but there was one thing which was even more essential, and that was that the small investor should put his investments at the disposal of the State. To some extent it might be that on seeing these large sums which were subscribed he did not think it was necessary for him to help in addition, added Lord Derby, there is not a sum, however small, that is not going to help us even so short a distance towards the successful result you and I desire. (Cheers.)

To Final Victory.

Sir Frederick Smith, who also had a hearty reception, said when President Wilson talked to us about the great and wounding blows to civilisation and humanity involved in this war we replied that with all respect we knew what they meant. Let it not be supposed that it was with a light heart that we replied to those who tried to persuade us that the moment for peace had come, that in our sorrow we judgment the moment for peace had come. The only peace offered was what the Germans themselves described as a German peace. That meant that it was to be accepted by this country on the basis that Germany was the conqueror and Great Britain was conquered. "Germany is not the conqueror and Great Britain is not conquered," exclaimed Sir Frederick amidst rousing cheers. So long as the spirit of conquest and so long as the claim that the result of this war has been favourable to the pretensions of Germany is made so long will peace be inconsistent with security, indeed, with the very existence, the Empire. (Cheers.) We have stated and we say again, Sir Frederick declared that when this war ends it will be under circumstances that will make good any more than good to all those who have laid down their lives on our behalf. (Cheers.)

A resolution was carried in favour of carrying the war to final victory.

JANUAR' BLIZZARD.

A Hamlet Wiped Out.

Plymouth, Saturday.

From various parts of the country details of the havoc wrought by the blizzard which has been raging testify to the severity of the weather.

A terrific north-easterly gale which has raged since Friday afternoon and was still raging in Start Bay this morning has played havoc with the little fishing village of Hallsands. This old-world hamlet has been virtually wiped out, only two houses remaining. Fortunately no lives have been lost.

Exceptionally cold weather continues in the Lincolnshire Fens, and skating has commenced throughout the district, there being a large area of flooded land.

BAKER WHO WAS LAZY IN THE MORNING.

Husband's Cool Suggestion to His Wife.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

On the ground of desertion, Mary Scott or Fraser, Ardgowan Place, Glasgow, was to-day granted decree of divorce from her husband, Robert Fraser, 26 Hutcheson Square, Glasgow.

Pursuer stated that she was married in December, 1899. Her husband was a baker and she was employed with the same firm. She continued to work after the marriage as her husband was not steady at his work. He was lazy in the morning, and the result was that he was suspended. He never gave her sufficient money to keep the house.

He first left her in January, 1907. Her father gave him work in connection with his coal agency, and he was with him for about five years. He lived in a house next door to her father, but he did not provide her with a home during that time. She left her father she had seen him on the street, but he never looked at her.

Pursuer's father said the defender made the suggestion to him that the pursuer should sell the furniture in the house and give him half the money, and if she did not do that he would have to get a grate, which belonged to him.

A witness said defender thought part got enough when she got seven shillings per week.

Decree of divorce was granted.

Last night's Italian communique says: Along the whole front there have been intermittens artillery actions. Enemy aviators attempted incursions into our territory, but were frustrated by the fire from our aircraft batteries.

TRAGIC AFFAIR IN EDINBURGH.

MOTHER JUMPS FROM WINDOW.

NEIGHBOURS DISCOVER MURDERED BABE.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A sensational domestic tragedy occurred s morning in a tenement in Potterrow. a house on the second flat, occupied by a nter named Henry, a baby was found h its throat cut, and the mother of the ld was seen by neighbours to throw her- f over a window, whereby she received y serious injuries.

t appears that just before the discovery the tragedy the mother, whose name is rriet M'Gregor or Henry (33), sent her le girl, aged about five, to a neighbour to her to come to see her mother.

"When I went along," the woman told a Post Sunday Special" representative, "she s looking very strange, and said she was ng mad. I at once ran upstairs for other neighbour, but by the time we got k she was at the window, and as we en- ed she was just going over.

"Goodbye to Everybody."

"I saw her earlier in the day, and she ed me to lend her a lead pencil. I told I was sorry I did not have a lead pencil, gave her a pen and some ink. She took into the house, and sometime later re- ned it. She seemed all right then, but en the tragedy occurred a note was found the table written in ink:—

"'Goodbye to everybody. Mind Joe and Willie.'

"This note must have been written when ave her the pen and the ink, and that a considerable time before the tragedy."

When Mrs Henry's neighbour came up me and told me she said she was going d I hurried down the stair," said the er woman. "Mrs Henry was sitting on window sill as we entered, and I was running to catch her when she said, 'I going,' and over she went before I could at her. I rushed down the stair, but by time I got down a crowd had gathered nd Mrs Henry, and I could do nothing.

Her little girl was standing at the foot he stair, and, taking her with me, I went k upstairs again. It was then we made discovery about the baby. The little took me into the room, and there I saw poor thing, its head and face above the hes. It was only too evident what had ppened. The bed clothes were stained h blood, and one look at the child's face wed that it was dead.

I did not know Mrs Henry very well," tinued the neighbour, "but from what I of her she was a nice, superior woman."

Newly-Sharpened Knife Found.

The police found on entering the house examining the bed on which the dead d lay that the head of the poor infant been nearly severed from the body. A od-stained knife was found on the kitchen ser. The knife appears to have been ly sharpened.

When the woman was picked up on the et after her fall from the window, which ld be between twenty and thirty feet , there was a slight gash on her neck, one of her legs was badly shattered. She taken to the Royal Infirmary, where it seen that her condition was precarious. woman's husband, who has been in the ployment of an Edinburgh firm of printers over twenty-five years, was out at his k at the time the sad affair occurred, as also the eldest son, a lad of fourteen.

INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

Munition Workers Entertain Wounded Soldiers.

Govan, Saturday Night.

To celebrate the anniversary of the open- of the factory one of the departments of unition works near Glasgow entertained arty of one hundred wounded soldiers n Bellahouston Hospital in Govan er Town Hall this afternoon. Mr W. . M'Queen, manager of the factory, pre- d, and the soldiers were welcomed by William Barr.

fter a first-class dinner the soldiers were ted to a capital concert and dance pro- mme, amongst the artistes who contri- d being Miss Molly Dale, Miss Alice , Mrs Green, the Misses Grant and nson, and Messrs Sandy Fraser, J. H. rp, and J. Hamilton. Plentiful supplies uit and cigarettes were provided, and guests were subsequently treated to tea. leaving the hall each of the soldiers ived a packet of cigarettes.

MILITARY CROSS FOR INVERNESS MAN.

Inverness, Saturday Night.

has been learned with satisfaction in rness that Major Robert Poole has been rded the Military Cross. Formerly a graphist in Inverness Post Office, Major e went to South Africa, and saw fighting nst the Boers. At the outbreak of the ent war he had an important position r General Botha, and saw much active ice. Returning to this country when campaign closed, he joined the Royal ineers, and has been with them for the eight months in France, and has already distinction. Major Poole comes of a ing race. His mother and wife reside verness.

BRAKE AND MOTOR 'BUS COLLIDE NEAR STIRLING.

Stirling, Saturday Night.

is morning an alarming accident oc- ed on the public highway between Stir- and the mining village of Fallin. horse brake was conveying some miners eir work, and came into collision with otor 'bus, which was returning empty one of the pits.

e impact caused a good deal of alarm ng the occupants of the horse brake, but unately no one was injured.

KIRKWOOD KEEPS HIS PROMISE.

DEPORTED MAN RETURNS TO GLASGOW.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Mr David Kirkwood, the engineer who was deported from Glasgow some months ago, has kept his promise of return to his home in Glasgow. At Wednesday's sederunt of the Labour conference in Manchester, it may be recalled, Mr Kirkwood, at the close of a speech, which was punctuated by the cheers of his admirers, concluded by saying:—

"I won't return to deportation. I go home to Glasgow, or I go to prison."

According to authentic information Mr Kirkwood has now carried out his intention of returning to his home. Whether the second suggestion is put into execution does not rest with Mr Kirkwood. He has made his move, and the next move—if there is another move—lies with the authorities.

It may be recalled that Mr Kirkwood, who, since his deportation, has lived in Edinburgh, was granted special permission to attend the Manchester conference last week. It has been publicly stated, too, that Mr Kirkwood would be allowed to return to Glasgow if he signed an undertaking to abide by the methods authorised by his Trade Union for the conduct of negotiations between masters and men, but such an undertaking he persistently refused to give.

"I am required to sign a pledge to behave obediently to my Trade Union," he told the Manchester conference, "but that I have done all my life. Why should I sign such a degrading and humiliating pledge? It is only to whitewash my persecutors."

SCHOOL V. PULPIT.

BUCKIE TEACHER'S BOAST.

Buckie, Saturday Night.

A meeting of the Banffshire Branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland was held at Buckie this afternoon. Mr Thomson, headmaster, Buckie, president of the branch, presided over a large attendance. An interesting paper on science teaching was read by Mr Jeffray, Banff, who touched on the advantages of the metric system, and said that the subjects of chemistry and physics were absolute necessities.

Mr Thomson moved that the time had come for teachers to claim a status more in keeping with their work, and that in the administration of education in Scotland they should be directly and fully represented. He thought that in any moderately-sized town in Scotland they would generally find housed in one school as much University talent as all the pulpits together. If that was so, and their work was so important that they must give it up at sixty-five, he thought the time had come when they should be given a proper status.

Mr Taylor seconded, and the motion was carried.

Mr Thomson also moved that a defence fund should be instituted to enable teachers to resist financial and other injustices. Mr M'Lean, Bohaem, seconded, and the motion was agreed to.

FARM FIRE AT DUMFRIES.

Government Hay Destroyed.

Dumfries, Saturday.

Fire broke out at a late hour last night in some hay stacks, the property of the Government, on the farm of Lochside, Dumfries, tenanted by Mr James Paterson, farmer, and before it was subdued thirty tons of rye-grass hay of the past season's crop were destroyed, besides considerable damage being done to a baling machine, also the property of the Government.

A staff of soldiers were engaged baling the hay yesterday, and late at night one of the stacks was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was soon given, but it was found impossible to save the hay.

Sergeant Thomson, in trying to save the baler, had his hands badly burned. It is supposed that the fire was caused by a spark from the engine which was used in connection with the baler.

SHEEP TRESPASS CASE DECISION.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Sheriff Gardner Millar, the Sheriff-Principal, has issued here to-day his decision in an appeal from the judgment of Sheriff-Substitute Lee in an action by John Paterson, farmer, Dalmacoulter, against John Macpherson, Drumshangie, Airdrie, in which pursuer sought to have defender interdicted from allowing his sheep to trespass on pursuer's farm.

Sheriff Lee had decided in favour of the defender with expenses, and in adhering to this decision, with additional expenses, the Sheriff-Principal says he agrees with the learned Sheriff-Substitute that the remedy of interdict should not be lightly granted, and that there should be some averment of a claim of an opposing right, or the threat of future injury, or the continuance of the wrong after warning.

His Lordship had read the proof, and referred to the cases quoted at the debate, and he does not think the pursuer has set forth a case which justifies the Court in granting the extreme remedy which he asks.

CLYDEBANK SOLDIER GAINS MILITARY MEDAL.

Clydebank, Saturday Night.

A handsome presentation has been made to Corporal J. Hutcheson, Scottish Rifles, who has gained the Military Medal for gallantry at the front.

Prior to leaving to rejoin his regiment after a short leave of absence, Corporal Hutcheson was met by his fellow-workers in No. 8 Department of the Singer Manufacturing Company, Kilbowie, where he was employed previous to enlisting, and presented with a gold wristlet watch, suitably inscribed, and a purse of notes.

Corporal Hutcheson's home is in Radnor Park, Clydebank.

£500,000 FOR WAR LOAN.

WHOLESALE CO-OP'S BIG INVESTMENT.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The Scottish Co-Operative Wholesale Society to-day decided to increase their War Loan holding to £500,000. This means £150,000 of new money.

The Directors have also sanctioned the establishment of a War Savings Association among employees. Each employee must hold at least one and not more than forty-eight shares, each of the value of 15s 6d. These are to be paid up in a ratio of 9d per share. As soon as the employees have paid their shares they will receive war savings certificates.

GLASGOW MOTOR DRIVER'S RUSE.

SERIOUS ALLEGATION AGAINST A WOMAN.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The police of the Eastern Division of the City to-day reported a motor accident which involved a serious allegation against the young woman who was driving the motor.

According to the information, a labourer named Charles Kerr was knocked down while crossing Gallowgate, near Comely Park Street, the injuries sustained including fracture of the right leg below the knee.

It is alleged that the driver—a young woman of about twenty-two years—stopped her car when the accident took place, but immediately upon ascertaining that a man had been seriously injured, it is said that she at once switched off the lights—preventing, incidentally any person from noting the number of the car—and immediately drove off at a fast rate, getting away from the scene of the accident within a few seconds of the affair and before steps could be taken to obtain the number of the car or identify the driver.

AIRDRIE M.A. KILLED IN ACTION.

All hope has now been abandoned of the possibility that Lance-Corporal John Macdowall, an M.A. of Glasgow University, had survived the Battle of Loos on 25th September, 1915. His parents, Mr and Mrs Macdowall, Woodend, South Biggar Road, Airdrie, have this week received intimation from the War Office that the young man, previously reported wounded and missing at Loos, is now presumed to have died of his wounds.

Lance-Corporal Macdowall, who was only twenty-six years of age, was a teacher in Bellshill School, and was a most promising young man, greatly beloved by his pupils, and held in high esteem by his fellow-teachers under the Bothwell School Board.

His former pupils and fellow-teachers at Bellshill are getting an enlarged portrait of the deceased to be hung in the school as a memorial of him. The deepest sympathy is expressed on all hands with his parents and relatives in their sad bereavement.

PLOT-HOLDING AT HAMILTON.

Provost's Appeal to Citizens.

Hamilton, Saturday.

To-day Provost Moffat has addressed an earnest and urgent appeal to the ratepayers of Hamilton to cultivate land within the burgh which is not being used for other or better purposes.

He points out that from ten to fifteen acres of land have been taken over by the Town Council, and these will be planted with potatoes. The land which is being offered to the public is of the best quality, and plot holders will have the assistance and advice of experts in the planting of the ground.

Provost Moffat points out that already a large number of applications have been received at the Municipal Buildings, but he calls for more, and informs all ratepayers already in possession of gardens to plant vegetables during the coming season.

KILWINNING PRIVATE'S BRAVE DEED.

Kilwinning, Saturday.

The news has been received in Kilwinning that Private Laurence Greenan, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has won the Military Medal.

Private Greenan is a married miner, of twenty-two years of age, his home being at Parkhill Buildings, where his wife and child reside. A few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities he donned khaki, and saw much of the initial fighting, being wounded at Loos.

The deed which has won for him the coveted honour was performed during the battle of the Somme. His company had suffered severely, and he, in face of a hot fusilade of rifle and machine gun fire, exposed himself several times for the purpose of carrying nine of his comrades and an officer to a place of safety. While engaged in his heroic work he was hit on the head, which necessitated his going into hospital.

BURGLARS BUSY.

BIG HAUL OF JEWELLERY AT PAISLEY.

Paisley, Saturday.

Extensive burglaries have been reported within the last few weeks in and around Glasgow. Apart from the city, houses have been entered in Paisley, Renfrew, Giffnock, and Bearsden, and a large quantity of jewellery and other valuables stolen.

At Paisley Sheriff Court to-day a jeweller and a munition worker, both belonging to Glasgow, who were remitted from the Central Police Court, Glasgow, appeared before Hon. Sheriff Cochran, and emitted a declaration on a charge of breaking into a house at Castlehead, Paisley, and stealing a quantity of jewellery.

They were afterwards committed to prison in Glasgow for further inquiry, and it is understood that several other charges will be brought against them.

The arrest of the men was the sequel to clever work on the part of Paisley and Glasgow police officers. When the Paisley burglary was reported the investigation was entrusted to Detectives Cameron and Galbraith. Information was received that part of the stolen jewellery was in a shop in the South Side of Glasgow, and it was also discovered that a considerable amount had been taken to Motherwell. Accompanied by Detective-Sergeants M'Kellar and Lyon, of the Glasgow Central Division, the Paisley officers apprehended one of the men at his house in Cramond Street. A quantity of jewellery found in premises in Renfield Street was recognised as stolen property, and taken possession of. On Tuesday the munition worker was apprehended in a house in Main Street, South Side, and charged with the Paisley burglary. The jewellery stolen from the Paisley house was valued at £188, of which about £162 worth has been recovered.

An Edinburgh woman was also brought before Sheriff Cochran to-day, and made a declaration on charges of theft from houses in Gorebridge and Elderslie. In her case also it is understood that other charges will be preferred. She was committed to prison.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT KIPPS.

Enginedriver Seriously Injured.

Coatbridge, Saturday Night.

To-day an accident occurred at Kipps, Coatbridge, which resulted in an engine driver named Alexander M'Allister, residing in Airdrie, being terribly injured about the legs, so much so that it is feared that one foot may require to be amputated. The man was removed to the Royal Infirmary.

PAISLEY WORKMAN BADLY BURNED.

Paisley, Saturday.

This morning Francis Speirs, who resides at 62 Canal Street, was badly burned about the face, neck, and hands while working in the dyeing and finishing works of Messrs Fulton & Sons, Glenfield, near Paisley. Owing to the nature of the chemicals used at the machine at which he was working, he had to wear gloves, and, one of the gloves becoming entangled in the machine, his hand was dragged into the chemicals.

Some of the liquid, when the hand went into it, splashed about his face and neck, burning him there as well as on the hand. Speirs was taken to Paisley Infirmary, and this afternoon he was geting on as well as could be expected.

MINISTER AND CARD-PLAYING.

Dumfries, Saturday.

The Rev. W. M'Dowall, M.A., minister of Kirkmahoe United Free Church, who has been a member of the School Board for the past twenty years, and for a period has acted as chairman, has tendered his resignation.

This is a protest against the action of a majority of the Board in granting the use of the school for the purpose of a whist drive.

Mr M'Dowall says that card-playing is alien to the spirit of the Education Act.

The resignation will be considered at the next meeting of the Board.

DEATH OF LINLITHGOW EX-PROVOST.

Linlithgow, Saturday.

Ex-Provost Jamieson, a gentleman who occupied for many years the position of leading townsman in the burgh of Linlithgow, passed away to-day in his seventy-third year.

He was a member of Linlithgow Town Council for thirty-eight years, and for twenty years he acted as burgh treasurer. In 1903 he was appointed Provost, and he retained that position till October, 1914, when he retired. Ex-Provost Jamieson was an honorary Sheriff-Substitute for Linlithgowshire.

INDOOR BOWLING TOURNAMENT.

Sanquhar, Saturday.

A pairs tournament, promoted by Crawick Social Club on behalf of the local war funds, commenced to-day. Considerable interest locally is centred in the function, and the entries number 112, the largest recorded for many years. During the course of the competition draughts, dominoes, and bagatelle tournaments will be held to assist in swelling the funds. At a social held by the club the sum of £25 was raised for war purposes.

LADY AS HOUSE SURGEON.

Dumfries, Saturday.

The Directors of Dumfries Royal Infirmary have appointed Dr Jane Hay, Linlithgow, to the position of house surgeon. This is the first time in the history of the institution that a lady has been appointed to fill this position.

THE BOX BED ABOMINATION.

PARLOURS SHOULD NOT BE SACRED SHRINES.

GLASGOW WOMEN AND HIGHER STANDARD OF LIFE.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The interest that is taken by women in matters pertaining to public health was evidenced this afternoon by the hundreds who were turned away from Charing Cross Halls, where a conference was advertised, under the auspices of the Women's Friendly Society of Scotland, on the subject of "Safeguarding the Health of the Nation." The hall was crowded long before the advertised hour of meeting, and hundreds of women arrived in time to swell the crowd of disappointed ones.

Miss M. B. Blackie, who presided, explained that the conference had been called primarily to consider ways in which the Insurance Act could be made even more successful in the direction of preventing disease, as well as dealing with it after it had been diagnosed.

Miss Mary M. Paterson, National Health Insurance Commission, indicated that, but for the war, there would undoubtedly have been a good deal of development in the direction of preventing disease. In Glasgow people were not likely to be under any delusion as to the important part played by women in the work of the nation, but it was not so long since a good many people rather held the view that, as far as the work of the nation was concerned, women were a negligible quantity. As indicating, however, the very large part which women took in the national industries she reminded those present that, in 1915, before the effects of the war were really felt, there were in Scotland 1,400,000 insured persons, of whom between 450,000 and 500,000 were women. That meant that for every two insured men there was one insured woman, earning money at a rate of less than £160 per annum.

Only in Dundee.

Now, as the result of the war work, there were many more women employed, but before the war it was only in Dundee that they had a population in which a greater number of women were employed than men. Just now there was more than one insured woman for every two insured men, and, generally speaking, the women had joined the approved societies, the members being spread over 260 societies. As to the administration of the Act, however, she contended that we could not get the best results from it unless the women themselves took an active part in its administration. (Hear, hear.) We were told that we were going to be a poor nation after the war, and perhaps it would not altogether be a bad thing for us; but however poor we were Miss Paterson hoped that we would all realise that one result of the war must be a higher standard of living for the mass of the people, which must lead to healthier as well as fuller and happier lives. (Applause.)

Consumption and Housing Reform.

Dr Barbara Sutherland, who is associated with the medical officer's department, then spoke on the subject of maternity benefit, suggesting various ways in which benefit could be extended.

Miss Helen Galbraith dealt with the subject of industrial fatigue, urging the importance, in factories, of proper ventilation, heating, lighting, canteens, cleanliness, and good order. Regarding the question of hours, she suggested that a spell of five hours was too long, and that even an interval of a few minutes during the forenoon and afternoon periods would have very beneficial results.

Dr Ethel Cassie spoke upon the after-care of the consumptive, especially in its relationship to housing reform. The great education campaign as to consumption had opened the eyes of the public as to the dangers of the disease, but even yet these dangers were not fully realised. The importance of preventive measures could not be too highly insisted upon, and overshadowing all others was the question of housing. (Hear, hear.)

"That abomination, the box-bed," was roundly condemned, and Dr Cassie also suggested that the house that was unfit for a consumptive was also unfit for a healthy person. She proceeded to express a preference for "smaller rooms and more of them," and also the daily use of the parlour, which was so often kept sacred as a shrine for the spare furniture. (Laughter and applause.)

Dr Mabel Jones afterwards dealt with the recent recommendations concerning the methods of combating venereal disease.

STIRLING PIPE-MAJOR WINS D.C.M.

Stirling, Saturday Night.

Among the recipients of the D.C.M. mentioned in to-day's London Gazette is Pipe-Major H. Thomas Aitken, A. and S.H., who has had a creditable military career extending over twenty-seven years.

As a pipe-major in the Black Watch he went through the Nile and Soudan campaigns carried out by the late Lord Kitchener in 1884-5. Thereafter he was appointed pipe-major to the A. and S.H. at Stirling Castle, and served with the third battalion of that regiment in the South African War. Taking his discharge as a time-expired soldier, he was for a number of years subsequently hotelkeeper at Fintry, near Balfron.

When the present war broke out he was in civilian employment in Glasgow, and, though much above military age, rejoined his old regiment, with which he has been at the front for two years. He was decorated on the field for conspicuous gallantry in action.

At the request of the Procurator-Fiscal, a bottle of whisky forfeited in a Liquor Control case at Coatbridge was ordered by the Sheriff to be sent for medical use in hospital.

COLLIERIES' COMB-OUT.

DRASTIC PROCESS AT HAMILTON.

UNSTEADY MEN MUST JOIN UP.

Hamilton, Saturday Night.

In the Hamilton district all the colliery managers have supplied the military authorities with lists of those men in their employment who "without reasonable cause" have persistently worked short time, and from inquiries made to-day it is definitely learned that the "combing out" process has begun.

To-day quite a number of the irregular workers have, as a result of an arrangement between the mine managers and the military authorities, undergone medical examination. Their standard of physical fitness will determine for these men the momentous question whether they are to remain miners or to don khaki.

In the course of inquiries made to-day it was further ascertained that the colliery managers in the Hamilton district had either furnished, or were at present engaged doing so, lists of all men in their service who had entered the mining industry since August, 1915.

Drastic Comb-Out.

The sole topic of conversation amongst the miners to-day is the drastic "combing out" process in their ranks, which, to all intents and purposes, has seriously begun. The men are high in their praise of the course which has been taken to eliminate the irregular and unsteady workers, and for this class no sympathy is being felt whatever.

The managers, however, recognise, as also do the men, that matters are on a different footing when it comes to that section of mine workers who have entered the pits since August, 1915. Many one-time miners, who are practical men with the pick and shovel at the coal face, are in this category. They had left the pits for a spell for some more congenial employment on the surface, but returned when the need for miners became clamant.

Officials at the pits agree that many of these are useful and practically indispensable men if the supply of coal is to be maintained at the present level; and it is felt that such individuals must be distinguished from the shirker who adopted the miner's calling as a security from military service.

The managers are co-operating most loyally with the military authorities, and indeed at Cadzow Colliery, Hamilton, a notice has been posted calling for voluntary recruits for the army from amongst the unmarried men on the company's pay-books. The publication of this notice may be accepted as a typical instance of what the mining officials are doing to encourage "fit men" to join up.

LIABLE TO PENALTY OF £329.

FARM SERVANT'S CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

"The statement of penalty is enough to stagger one," remarked Mr R. P. Stott, advocate, who appeared on behalf of George Brown, Chapel of Garioch, farm servant, who admitted at Aberdeen to-day having failed to intimate to the registration authorities his change of residence from Craigenhigh, Torphins, to Threepleton, Chapel of Garioch.

It was stated that the offence had continued 329 days, and he was liable to a penalty of £1 for each day. The accused had put his registration card away in the bottom of his chest, and it never entered his head that he had any duty whatever with regard to it until the authorities discovered that he had shifted his residence from his father's farm to his brother's.

The Fiscal stated that the case was sent there by the military authorities in view of it being the duty of all male persons of military age to send notice of change of residence.

Brown was fined twenty shillings.

FALKIRK TEACHERS AND THEIR BONUSES.

Falkirk, Saturday.

Teachers in the service of Falkirk Burgh School Board have sent a further memorial to the Board thanking them for the increases granted to certain salaries, and stating that the scheme adopted is regarded as unjustifiably parsimonious, and contains certain features which have evoked feelings of irritation and dissatisfaction among the teachers generally.

Accordingly they asked that the whole question of salaries as affected by existing conditions be reconsidered.

The memorial has been remitted for reconsideration.

WARNING TO EXEMPTED MEN.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

At the parade of the Kilsyth Volunteer Company to hear the new conditions under the recently passed Volunteer Act, Provost Allison, who is a lieutenant of the company, intimated that a number of members who joined the company on the strength of getting exemption from the Tribunal had not been attending anything like a fair proportion of the drills. Their names were simply on the roll, and that was about all. He wished to give the caution that unless they took a more active part in the drills they ran the risk of their exemptions being reviewed. At the last meeting of the Tribunal it had been agreed that all men who had been exempted for short or long periods should be called upon to join the Volunteers.

COLD FOR WAR LOAN.

LEITH MAN'S "STORE" DIVIDEND.

Leith, Saturday.

The war savings movement continues to make record progress in Leith. The committee in charge of the campaign set themselves the task of forming 150 associations, and this week has seen the realisation of the effort. To date £7200 have been handed over for War Savings Certificates. A public meeting has been arranged for Friday, 9th February, at which Lord Strathclyde will speak. The committee hope by that date to have 200 associations on the roll, and £10,000 "saved."

A unique experience befell one of the organisers in Leith. He was addressing a large meeting, and with telling force he discoursed on the working man's war loan. After the meeting one of the audience, a working man, came forward and asked whether they would take gold. He had laid by his store dividend for several years, he said. The speaker expressed surprise at the man having any gold coin in his possession, and he was doubly surprised when the same night the man bought War Savings Certificates with forty sovereigns.

MILITARY CROSS FOR GLASGOW SWIMMER.

"Jack" Deans has been awarded the Military Medal, and his polo pals in and around Pollokshields, or, rather, as many as are left there, are expressing their satisfaction.

Corporal J. K. Deans, to give him his military designation, joined the Business Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry shortly after the opening of hostilities. He has been in France since November, 1915, and was promoted corporal on the field. His one desire at the moment is that a few days' leave may come his way (he has had none since he joined up), so that he can have a splash in his old quarters at Pollokshields Baths, where he put up many a stiff fight for the club polo side.

KILMARNOCK WAR GARDENS.

Kilmarnock, Saturday.

Kilmarnock Town Council have received over 400 applications for garden plots, and fortunately there has not been the slightest difficulty in getting the necessary ground. The Lord of the Manor, Lord Howard de Walden, has generously supported the committee; Established Church ministers have given up their glebes; manufacturers have granted permission to dig up unbuilt on feus, and everywhere the utmost enthusiasm is being displayed.

The allotments, seven in number, are situated in different parts of the town, and the plots are allocated to ratepayers resident in the district. The Council committee are in communication with the Board of Agriculture regarding the purchase of a supply of seed potatoes.

TELEPHONE THIEVES AT PORTOBELLO.

Musselburgh, Saturday Night.

Recently the Postmaster-General rewarded two officials of Portobello Railway Station staff for having, by prompt response to the electric alarm, detected culprits endeavouring to steal the cash box in the telephone call cabinet on the station platform, the culprits being duly convicted and punished.

The cabinet, however, has been raided again, but this time the thieves have successfully kept clear of the electric alarm. They did not make any attempt on the cash box, but got away with most of the telephone apparatus.

The police are inquiring into the matter.

COMPENSATION FOR INJURED KNEE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

There was issued here to-day the Sheriff's decision in a compensation claim heard last week at the instance of Robert M'Gowan, miner, 32 Laidlaw Street, Tannochside, against Archibald Russell, Ltd., No. 3 Pit, Tannochside Colliery.

The claim was for £1 per week in respect of an injury which pursuer sustained while pushing a hutch, when his feet slipped and he fell on his right knee, causing the injury from which he now suffered.

Sheriff Lee finds that the pursuer has been totally incapacitated by the accident, and awards him compensation at the rate of 20s per week from 29th August, 1916, during his incapacity.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE.

BRITAIN'S REPLY TO GERMANY'S BLOCKADE.

"The submarine menace to the merchant service is far greater now than in any period of the war, and it requires all our energy to combat it," said Sir John Jellicoe the other day. "But," he continued, "it must and shall be dealt with, of that I am confidant."

Faced with this problem of the world's shortage of food, the growing under sea boat menace becomes every day more serious; and just as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle foreshadowed the submarine danger to Britain, Ridgwell Cullum in "The Secret Submarine," the remarkable story which starts in "The Post Sunday Special" next week, shows how the submarine menace can in future be entirely eliminated.

The appearance of this prophetic book, just a short time before the Deutschland arrived in America, created a great stir, and although Germany's big under-sea boat is now long overdue, it is probable that others will take its place, better equipped than the original.

"The Secret Submarine" is a big book—a book wherein brains are mixed with the ink. Mr Cullum does not play on the fears of the uninformed; he appeals to the patriotism of every Briton, and pleads for increase of efficiency and watchfulness.

In this story of "The Secret Submarine" Mr Cullum has put the best that is in him of thought and experience. When it first appeared it was hailed by every competent critic as the best and strongest book Mr Cullum has so far produced.

It centres round the most powerful men of Britain and Germany, and shows the long arm of the Secret Service system, continually demonstrating its uncanny ability. There is also a big love story.

It is a story that is pregnant with thought. The writer sets himself to asking and answering the questions—"Does Britannia rule the waves? Can she continue to rule the waves?" Just as our strength lies in the seas so (Mr Cullum holds) does our weakness.

We are fortunate is having secured the serial rights for the publication of Mr Cullum's great story in "The Post Sunday Special," and the opening instalment of "The Secret Submarine" will appear in these columns next week. The story was originally called "The Men Who Wrought."

BELGIAN LODGER SUES HIS LANDLADY.

Alexandria, Saturday.

In the Dumbarton Sheriff Court, before Sheriff Macdiarmid, evidence was heard, lasting four hours, in a case from Alexandria, where a Belgian named Segers sued Mrs Doornert, another Belgian, for £20.

Pursuer stated that he deposited with defender, then his landlady, two sums, first £75 and then £20, for safe keeping. The first-named sum was returned by defender, but pursuer alleged that she retained the £20.

Defender maintained that no sum of £20 had been handed to her; that she only received £75, which she returned to Segers.

During the evidence the services of two interpreters were requisitioned. The Sheriff, being of the opinion that the £20 was not deposited, assoilzied the defender, with expenses.

PERTH ROLL-BOY'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Perth, Saturday.

William Collison, the thirteen-year-old son of Mr Finlay Collison, dyer, 20 Scott Street, Perth, has succumbed in Perth Infirmary to injuries which he received some time ago through falling over a banister of the stair of a tenement in George Street. No one observed the accident, which took place on Christmas week, and when found the lad was lying at the foot of the stair leading to the tenement with terrible injuries to his head. Collison had visited the tenement for the purpose of delivering morning rolls.

HAMILTON GOLDEN WEDDING.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Mr and Mrs P. M'Alpine, Low Waters, Hamilton, have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. To fittingly mark the interesting event a large house party was held at the residence of Mr Peter M'Alpine (a son), in Tuphall Road, Hamilton, when the worthy old couple received the hearty congratulations of the members of their family and friends.

Mr and Mrs M'Alpine were married at Musselburgh in January, 1866. Of the union there are 35 surviving descendants—three sons, twenty-six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Mr M'Alpine, who is seventy-two years of age, is a native of the Coatbridge district. For the greater period of his life he was employed as joiner at Niddrie Colliery, Musselburgh. As a maker of violins he has earned considerable renown, his instruments being much sought after by leading violinists in the East and West of Scotland. His good lady hails from Musselburgh.

TALE OF THE WOODEN-LEGGED TAILOR.

MOTHER OF TWELVE DESERTS HER FAMILY.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

"This lady left twelve of a family to go off with a tailor with a wooden leg," remarked Lord Dewar, in the course of evidence in an action for divorce to-day.

"Yes, and she has now left him, too," replied Mr Scott, counsel for pursuer.

The action was at the instance of Joseph Cameron, marine engineer, 28 Blackburn Street, Plantation, Glasgow, against Elizabeth Barr or Cameron, his wife, at present residing at 8 Westmarch, Paisley.

Pursuer (46) stated that he was married in August, 1899. There had been twelve children of the marriage. In January, 1915, the parties separated. His wife had for many years been addicted to drink, and neglected her household duties. For some time he had entertained suspicions about his wife's conduct.

Robert Fulton, Canal Street, Paisley, stated that he saw defender walking with a tailor who had been living in a lodging-house in Johnstone. He was a man with one leg, and walked with a crutch. His wife, pursuer's daughter, told witness that she had received information that her mother was staying in a lodging-house in Divinsty Street, Johnstone. This was in June or July of last summer. They went to Johnstone, and arrived at the lodging-house about midnight. They found the defender in a room in the lodging-house with a man with one leg. There was just the one bed in the room.

The daughter said to defender that she would let her father know how she had disgraced the family. Defender replied something to the effect that she was not caring what she said. "Awa' you go and let him ken."

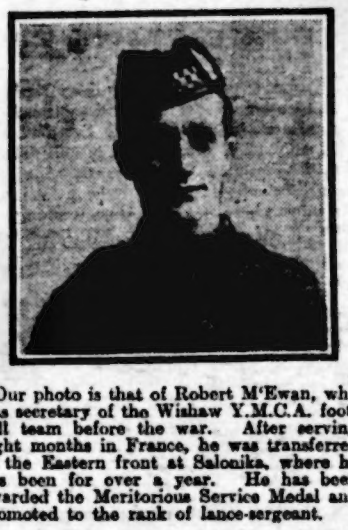
Mrs Fulton, in the box, stated that her mother had two of the children with her, and custody was asked for them. Defender had started to work about a week ago in the jam factory at Paisley.

Mr David Gilmour, messenger-at-arms, deponed to going to Kilbarchan to serve the summons. He called at a house there, and a man answered the door. He was about fifty years of age, and was not the tailor with the wooden leg. The house was in a poor locality, and the room was very poorly furnished. The woman seemed to be in very poor circumstances, but there was no sign of drink about.

Pursuer, recalled, stated his wages were £2 8s 6d, and he had been paying his wife 15s a week for the children.

Lord Dewar granted decree, with custody of the children.

HONOUR FOR WISHAW FOOTBALL SECRETARY.



Our photo is that of Robert M'Ewan, who was secretary of the Wishaw Y.M.C.A. football team before the war. After serving eight months in France, he was transferred to the Eastern front at Salonika, where he has been for over a year. He has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal and promoted to the rank of lance-sergeant.

SAVED BY HIS PAY-BOOK.

Paisley Man's Escape at the Front.

Paisley, Saturday.

Mrs Finlay Smith, 21 Seedhill Road, Paisley, has just returned from France after visiting her husband, Private Finlay Smith, K.O.S.B., who is in hospital at Rouen suffering from wounds received at the beginning of the month. He and his officer had gone out in search of a sniper, whom they captured, and were on their way back with their prisoner, when they were caught by machine gun fire.

The officer and the German sniper were killed outright, but Private Smith fortunately escaped death, though he was badly wounded in the chest and left wrist. After lying in No Man's Land for a time, he managed to crawl back to his own lines, when he was at once removed to a field hospital.

He told his wife that it was his pay-book that saved his life. It was filled with letters and photos, which broke the effect of the bullets, and he was convinced that had it not been for the book he would also have been killed.

OLD NEWSBOY GAINS MILITARY MEDAL.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

Sergeant-Major J. M'Intyre, S.R., Buchanan Street, Coatbridge, has been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery. The gallant soldier in earlier life was very active in the selling and delivering of newspapers, and latterly was employed as a miner with Summerlee Iron and Steel Company. He is credited with taking thirteen German prisoners at Ypres.

PADRE'S GREAT COUP.

PRIEST WHO CAPTURED 450 GERMANS

PAYS FINE TRIBUTE TO PROTESTANT COLLEAGUE.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

"I'm going back to the war," declared Major Rev. S. A. Thornton, the parish priest of Cadzow, near Hamilton, who is a senior chaplain to the forces, and has been attached to the Naval Division for over two years.

Father Thornton won the D.S.O. for attending to wounded under shell-fire for four days, but it is an open secret that he won the means of capturing 450 Germans with only eighteen men.

The Cadzow priest is the hero whom Sir Philip Dassoon, M.P., aide-de-camp to Sir Douglas Haig, referred to as follows in a recent speech:—

"There is a story that seriously concerns promises a Roman Catholic parson. I am not sure that I ought to tell it, but the fact remains that, despite his peaceful avocations he turned up on one occasion with eighteen Irishmen and 450 very thankful, if somewhat dejected, Germans."

It seems that on a somewhat foggy day the Dublins dashed into the German trenches, cleared them out, and ran on to the next line, where they took up a position in diagonal trenches, forming a V. A section of the men had advanced too far, and as their return was unduly delayed, Father Thornton went ahead to discover their fate. Having found them, he proceeded to put them back, when the party was surprised by fire from a small wood occupied by Germans. The chaplain came to the conclusion that the men would be safer if they rushed the shell holes beside the wood than out in the open, and ordered the men to charge.

Big Surprise for the Huns.

Almost immediately three or four Germans left the wood with hands up and shouting "Kamerad." One of these was sent into the wood to ask the others to surrender, but he failed to return. A volley from the Dublins resulted in a few more Germans appearing, and then the intrepid priest decided to go forward alone and inspect the wood. As a result the Huns decided to surrender, and marched from their hiding.

The 450 Germans trooped out into the open sheepishly. The party of the Dublins were astonished at their numbers, and one man gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming, "Oh, Heavens; 450 Germans surrendering to one priest and eighteen Dubs." Only then did the enemy realise the disparity in numbers, and they attempted to break away; but at a signal from Major Thornton the Dublins sent sixteen to earth, and the conquest was complete.

A new difficulty now arose, for the men who lined the newly-won trenches, seeing the dark forms advancing through the fog, thought the Huns were counter-attacking, and decided to let them have a hot reception. The situation was saved, however, for the lusty shouting and strong language of the captors was recognised by their comrades as peculiarly Dublin in its imagery.

On their arrest the enemy officers seemed obsessed by the idea that they would be badly treated by the British, and one of them offered a handful of banknotes to the reverend captor with the request—"Save me from torture!" To this the priest replied—"We are soldiers; not thieves." Another officer gave Father Thornton an Iron Cross of the Second Class, and hoped that his life would be spared. That Iron Cross is now one of Father Thornton's most interesting relics.

"The Priest That Keeps the Dugs."

Father Thornton is a successful breeder of Irish terriers, and has secured many prizes at London and other shows, but it never realised that his fondness for "the friend of man" had been a topic of conversation among the outside public until one evening he stumbled across a Gordon Highlander on the battlefield.

"Where do you come from, my man?" asked the chaplain.

"Blantyre," answered the kiltie.

"Do you know Hamilton?"

"Div I whit! Dive I ken Hamilton, an' me frae Blantyre?"

"I suppose you know Cadzow?"

"Ken Cargie—whaur I wis brocht up!"

"Well," said the chaplain, "I'm the priest from Cadzow."

The soldier peered into the officer's face, shook his head, and replied—"Na; you're no' the Cadgie priest."

"Oh, yes. I'm Father Thornton, Cadzow."

The gallant Gordon's eyes took on a far away look as he murmured, "Father Thornton—Father Thornton!"

Suddenly his face lit up with a flash of intelligence, and he shouted, "Oh, heavens, ay! You're the priest that keeps the dugs!"

The Work of the Chaplains.

Father Thornton has been made the recipient of a pocket-book containing gifts from his admiring parishioners and friends, and in acknowledging the gift he remarked that, as senior chaplain in his division, he had charge of the other chaplains of all denominations, and in other cases the senior chaplain of a division who was not a Catholic would give the priests their duties. The finest man and truest Christian he had met abroad was a Wesleyan minister. The war had made men give others their due without any bias or prejudice, and he hoped that spirit would always continue.

Major Thornton is going back to the front, and he is only waiting on the word to go and be off.

Greenock is doing well in the work of providing motor ambulances for service at Rouen. Mr J. W. Crawford, solicitor, has been indefatigable in pushing ahead with his scheme, and further substantial donations received will enable him to send the other two vehicles to the Red Cross depot, making four altogether in a fortnight.

"**. . . The troops continue in excellent spirits. . . .**" — Extract from Official Despatch.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By BOYD CABLE

In this article Mr BOYD CABLE, an Artillery Forward-Officer serving on the Western Front, gives a faithful impression of the irrepressible Cockneys taking their share in "the great game." The Londoners possess a quaint and unique sense of humour, and the author relates incidents which created a laugh even in the midst of the tragedy of warfare. The serial publication of "Between the Lines" has been secured for our readers by special arrangement with the author and the publishers—Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.

"The troops continue in excellent spirits." — Extract from Official Despatch.

A HYMN OF HATE.

TO appreciate properly, from the army's point of view, the humour of this story, it must always be remembered that the regiment concerned is an English one—entirely and emphatically English, and indeed almost entirely East End Cockney.

It is true that the British Army on active service has a sense of humour peculiarly its own, and respectable civilians have been known, when jests were retailed with the greatest gusto by soldier raconteurs, to shudder and fail utterly to understand that there could be any humour in a tale so mixed up with the grim and ghastly business of killing and being killed.

A biggish battle had died out about a week before in the series of spasmodic struggles of diminishing fury that have characterised most of the battles on the Western Front, when the Tower Bridge boys found themselves in occupation of a portion of the forward line which was only separated from the German trench by a distance varying from forty to one hundred yards.

Such close proximity usually results in an interchange of compliments between the two sides, either by speech or by medium of a board with messages written on it—the board being reserved usually for the jokes of wit most likely to sting, and therefore best worth conveying to the greatest possible number of the enemy.

The Customary Greeting.

The "Towers" were hardly installed in their new position when a voice came from the German parapet, "Hello, Tower Bridge boys! Pleased to meet you again."

The Englishmen were too accustomed to be surprised by this uncannily prompt recognition by the enemy of a newly relieving regiment of which they had not seen so much as a cap top.

"Hullo, Boshy," retorted one of the Towers. "You're makin' a mistake this time. We ain't the Tower Bridges. We're the Kamchatka 'Ighlanders."

"An' you're a liar if you says you're pleased to meet us again," put in another. "If you've met us afore I lay you was too much sorry for it to want to meet us again."

"Oh, we know who you are all right," replied the voice. "And we know you've just relieved the Fifth Blankshires, and, what's more, we know who's going to relieve you and when."

"'E knows a bloomin' heap," said a Tower Bridge private disgustedly, "an' what's more, I believe 'e does know it." Then, raising his voice, he asked, "Do you know when we're comin' to take some more of them trenches o' yours?"

This was felt by the listening Towers to be a master stroke, remembering that the British had taken and held several trenches a week before, but the reply rather took the wind out of their sails.

An Introductory Scrap.

"You can't take any more," said the voice. "You haven't shells enough for another attack. You had to stop the last one because your guns were running short."

"Any'ow," replied an English corporal who had been handing round half a dozen grenades, "we ain't anyways short o' bombs. We've a few to be goin' on with," and he and his party let fly. They listened with satisfaction to the bursts, and through their trench periscopes watched the smoke and dust clouds billowing from the trench opposite.

"An' this," remarked a Tower private, "is about our cue to exit, the stage bein' required for a scene-shift by some Bosh bombs," and he disappeared, crawling into a dug-out. During the next ten minutes a couple of dozen bombs came over and burst in and about the British trench, and scored three casualties, "slightly wounded."

"Hi there! Where's that Soho barber's assistant that thinks 'e can talk Henglish?" demanded the Towers' spokesman cheerfully.

That annoyed the English-speaking German, as, of course, incidentally it was meant to do.

"I'm here, Private Petticoat Lane," retorted the voice, "and if I couldn't speak better English than you I'd be shaming Soho."

"You're doing that anyway, you bloomin' renegade dog-stealer," called back the private. "W'y didn't you pay your landlady in Lunnon for the lodgin's you owed when you run away?"

Lively Exchange of Compliments.

"Schweinhund!" said the voice angrily, and a bullet slapped into the parapet in front of the taunting private.

"Corp'ril," said that artist in invective softly, "if you'll go down the trench a bit or up top o' that old barn behind I'll get this bloomin' Soho waiter mad enough to keep on shootin' at me, an' you'll p'raps get a chance to snipe 'im."

The corporal sought an officer's permission, and later a precarious perch on the broken roof of the barn, while Private Robinson extended himself in the manufacture of annoying remarks.

"That last 'un was a fair draw, Smithy," he exulted to a fellow-private. "I'll bet 'e shot the moon, did a bolt for it, when 'e mobilised."

"Like enough," agreed Smithy. "Go on, ol' man. Give 'im some more jaw."

"I s'pose you left without payin' your washin' bill either, didn't you, sowerkrowt?" demanded Private Robinson. There was no reply from the opposition.

"I expeck you lef' a lot o' little unpaid bills, didn't you?—if you was able to find anyone to give you tick."

"I'll pay them—when we take London," said the voice.

"That don't give your pore ol' landlady much 'ope," said Robinson. "Take Lunnon! Blimy, you're more like to take root in them trenches o' yours—unless we comes over again an' chases you out."

Again there was no reply. Private Robinson shook his head. "'E's as 'ard to draw as the pay that's owin' to me," he said. "You 'ave a go, Smithy."

Smithy, a believer in the retort direct and no trafficker in the finer shades of sarcasm, cleared his throat, and lifted up his voice. "'Ere, why don't you speak when you're spoke to, you lop-eared lager-beer barrel, you. Take your fice out o' that 'orseflesh cat's-meat sossidge an' speak up, you baby-butcherin' hen-roost robber."

"That ain't no good, Smithy," Private Robinson pointed out. "Y'see, callin' 'im 'ard names only makes 'im think 'e's got you angry like—that 'e's drawed you."

(Another voice called something in German.)

The Successful Shot of the Corporal.

"Just tell them other monkeys to stop their chatter, Soho," he called out, "an' get back in their cage. If they want to talk to gen'l'men they must talk English."

"I like your d——d impertinence," said the voice scornfully. "We'll make you learn German, though, when we've taken England."

"Oh, it's Englan' you're takin' now," said Private Robinson. "But all you'll ever take of Englan' will be same as you took before—a tuppenny tip if you serves the soup up nice, or a penny tip if you gives an Englishman a proper clean shave."

The rifle opposite banged again, and the bullet slapped into the top of the parapet. "That drawed 'im again," chuckled Private Robinson, "but I wonder why the corp'ril didn't get a whack at 'im."

He pulled away a small sandbag that blocked a loophole, and, holding his rifle by the butt at arm-length, poked the muzzle out slowly. A moment later two reports rang out—one from in front and one behind.

"I got 'im," said the corporal three minutes later. "One bloke was looking with a periscope, and I saw a little cap an' one eye come over the parapet. By the way 'is 'ands jerked up an' 'is 'ead jerked back when I fired, I fancy 'e copped it right enough."

Private Robinson got to work with a piece of chalk on a board, and hoisted over the parapet a notice—'R.I.P. 1 Boshe, late lamented Soho garçon."

"Pity I dunno the German for 'late lamented,' but they've always plenty that knows English enough to understand," he commented.

Talent of the Trenches.

He spent the next ten minutes in ragging the Germans, directing his most brilliant efforts of sarcasm against made-in-Germany English-speakers generally and Soho waiters in particular; and he took the fact there was no reply from the voice as highly satisfactory evidence that it had been the "Soho waiter" who had "copped it."

"Exit the waiter—curtain, an' soft music!" remarked a private known as 'Enery Irving throughout the battalion, and whistled a stave of "We shall meet, but we shall miss him."

"Come on, 'Enery, give us 'is dyin' speech," someone urged, and 'Enery proceeded to recite an impromptu "Dyin' Speech of the Dachshund-Stealer," as he called it, in the most approved fashion of the East End drama, with all the accompaniments of rolling eyes, breast-clutchings, and gasping pauses.

"Now, then, where's the orchestra?" he demanded when the applause had subsided, and the orchestra, one mouth-organ-strong, promptly struck up a lilting music-hall ditty. From that he slid into "My Little Grey Home," with a very liberal measure of time to the long-drawn notes especially. The song was caught up, and ran down the trench in full chorus. When it finished the orchestra was just on the point of starting another tune, when 'Enery held up his hand.

"'E goes on Sunday to the church, an' sits among the choir.'" he quoted solemnly, and added, "Voices 'eard, off."

Two or three men were singing in the German trench, and as they sang the rest joined in, and "Deutschland über Alles" rolled forth in full strength and harmony.

A Musical Contest.

"Bray-vo! An' not 'arf bad neither," said Private Robinson approvingly. "Though I dunno wot it's all abart. Now, s'pose we gives 'em another."

They did, and the Germans responded with "The Watch on the Rhine." This time Private Robinson and the rest of the Towers recognised the song, and capped it in great glee with "Winding up the Watch on the Rhine," a parody which does not go out of its way to spare German feelings.

"An' 'ow d'you like that, ol' sossidge-scoffers?" demanded Private Robinson loudly.

"You vait," bellowed a guttural voice. "Us vind you op—quick!"

"Vind op—squeak, an' squeakin'," retorted Private Robinson.

The German reply was drowned in a burst of new song, which ran like wildfire the length of the German trench. A note of fierce passion rang in the voices, and the Towers sat listening in silence.

"Dunno wot it is," said one. "But it sounds like they was sayin' something nasty, an' meanin' it all."

But one word, shouted fiercely and lustily, caught Private Robinson's ear.

"'Ark," he said, in eager anticipation. "I do believe it's—s-sh! There!" triumphantly, as again the word rang out—the one word at the end of the verse . . . "England."

German Hate.

"It's IT. It's the ''Ymn of 'Ate.'!"

The word flew down the British trench—"It's the 'Ymn! They're singin' the ''Ymn of 'Ate.'" and every man sat drinking the air in eagerly. This was luck, pure, gorgeous luck. Hadn't the Towers, like many another regiment, heard about the famous "Hymn of Hate," and read it in the papers, and had it declaimed with a fine frenzy by Private 'Enery Irving? Hadn't they, like plenty other regiments, longed to hear the tune, but longed in vain, never having found one who knew it? And here it was being sung to them in full chorus by the Germans themselves. Oh, this WAS luck.

The mouth-organist was sitting with his mouth open and his head turned to listen, as if afraid to miss a single note.

"'Ave you got it, Snapper?" whispered Private Robinson anxiously at the end. "Will you be able to remember it?"

Snapper, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, began to play the air over softly, when from further down the trench came a murmur of applause that rose to a storm of hand-clappings and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore—'core—'core!"

The mouth-organist played on unheedingly, and Private Robinson sat following him with attentive ear.

"I'm not sure of that bit just there," said the player, and tried it over with slight variations. "P'raps I'll remember it better after a day or two. I'm like that wi' some toons."

"We might kid 'em to sing it again," said Robinson hopefully, as another loud cry of "Encore!" rang from the trench.

"Was you know vat we haf sing?" asked a German voice in tones of some wonderment.

"It's a great song," Dutchie," replied Private Robinson. "Fine song—goot—bong! Sing it again to us."

The Applause of the Tower Bridge Foot.

"You haf not understand," said the German angrily, and then suddenly from a little further along the German trench a clear tenor rose, singing the Hymn in English. The Towers subsided into wrapt silence, hugging themselves over their stupendous luck. When the singer came to the end of the verse he paused an instant, and a roar leaped from the German trench . . . . "England!" It died away, and the singer took up the solo. Quicker and quicker he sang, the song swirling upward in a rising note of passion. It checked and hung an instant on the last line, as a curling wave hangs poised; and even as the falling wave breaks thundering and rushing, so the song broke in a crash of sweeping sound along the line of the German trench on that one word —"England!"

Before the last sound of it had passed the singer had plunged into the next verse, his voice soaring and shaking with an intensity of feeling. The whole effect was inspiring, wonderful, dramatic. One felt that it was emblematic, the heart and soul of the German people poured out in music and words. And the scorn, the bitter anger, hatred, and malice that vibrated again in that chorused last word might well have brought fear and trembling to the heart of an enemy. But the enemy immediately concerned, to wit, His Majesty's Regiment of Tower Bridge Foot, were most obviously not impressed with fear and trembling. Impressed they certainly were. Their applause rose in a gale of clappings and cries and shouts. They were impressed, and Private 'Enery Irving, clapping his hands sore and stamping his feet in the trench bottom, voiced the impression exactly. "It beats Saturday night in the gallery o' the old Brit.," he said enthusiastically. "That bloke—blimy—'e ought to be doin' the star part at Drury Lane"; and he wiped his hot hands on his trousers and fell again to beating them together, palms and fingers curved cunningly, to obtain a maximum of noise from the effort.

Giving Them "Something to Hate."

An officer passed hurriedly along the trench. "If there's any firing, every man to fire over the parapet and only straight to his own front," he said and almost at the moment there came a loud "bang" from out in front, followed quickly by "Bang-bang-bang" in a running series of reports.

The shouting had cut off instantly on the first bang, some rifles squibbed off at intervals for a few seconds, and increased suddenly to a sputtering roar. With the exception of one platoon near their centre, the Towers replied rapidly to the fire, the maxims joined in, and a minute later, with a whoop and a crash, the shells from a British battery passed over the trench and burst a'ong the line of the German parapet.

After that the fire died away gradually, and about ten minutes later a figure scrambled hastily over the parapet and dropped into safety, his boots squirting water, his wet short-tails flapping about his bare, wet, and muddy legs. He was the "bomb officer," who had taken advantage of the "Hymn of Hate" diversion to go crawling up a little ditch that crossed the neutral ground, until he was near enough to fling into the German trench the bombs he carried, and, as he put it later in reporting to the O.C., "give 'em something to hate about."

And each evening after that, for as long as they were in the trenches, the men of the Tower Bridge Foot made a particular point of singing the "Hymn of Hate," and the wild yell of "England!" that came at the end of each verse might almost have pleased any enemy of England's instead of aggravating them intensely, as it invariably did the Germans opposite, to the extent of many wasted rounds.

The Return from the Trenches.

"It's been a great do, Snapper," said Private 'Enry Irving some days after, as the battalion tramped along the road towards "reserve billets." "An' I 'aven't enjoyed myself so much for months. Didn't it rag 'em beautiful, an' won't we fair stagger the 'ouse at the next sing-song o' the brigade?"

Snapper chuckled and breathed contentedly into his beloved mouth-organ, and first 'Enery and then the marching men took up the words:—

'Ite of the 'eart, an' 'ite of the 'and,
'Ite by water, an' 'ite by land,
'Ow do we 'ite to beat the band?

(deficient memories it will be noticed, being compensated by effective inventions in odd lines).

The answering roar of "England!" startled almost to shying-point the horse of a brigadier trotting up to the tail of the column.

"What on earth are those fellows singing?" he asked one of his officers while soothing his mount.

"I'm not sure, sir," said the officer, "but I believe—by the words of it—yes, it's the Germans' 'Hymn of Hate.'"

British Humour.

A French staff officer riding with the brigadier stared in astonishment, first at the marching men, and then at the brigadier, who was rocking with laughter in his saddle.

"Where on earth did they get the tune? I've never heard it before," said the brigadier, and tried to hum it. The staff officer told him something of the tale as he had heard it, and the Frenchman's amazement and the brigadier's laughter grew as the tale was told.

We 'are one foe, an' one alone—England.

bellowed the Towers, and out of the pause that came so effectively before the last word of the verse rose a triumphant squeal from the mouth-organ, and the appealing voice of Private 'Enery Irving—"Naw then, put a bit of 'ate into it." But even that artist of the emotions had to admit his critical sense of the dramatic fully satisfied by the tone of vociferous wrath and hatred flung into the Towers' answering roar of ". . . England!"

"What an extraordinary people!" said the French staff officer, eyeing the brigadier shaking with laughter on his prancing charger. And he could only heave his shoulders up in an ear-embracing shrug of non-comprehension when the laughing brigadier tried to explain to him (as I explained to you in the beginning):—

"And the best bit of the whole joke is that this particular regiment is English to the backbone."

NEXT WEEK—

"THE ADVANCED TRENCHES."

A vivid description of a grim struggle for the possession of a portion of a trench. This is another unique story.

Official Photograph.

The Western Front smile. A number of happy Canadian soldiers and a Jap who appreciates wearing the khaki.

NEWSY NOTES FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND

By Our Special Commissioner.

Friend of the Soldiers' Wives.

Provost Anderson, of Kinross, like other chief civic rulers throughout the country, has not had his municipal burdens light-

Lafayette.

ened within recent years. War has brought with it its own peculiar responsibilities even for small communities. In the discharge of these the Provost has been ably supported by his good lady. Mrs Anderson, ever anxious to promote the well-being of our soldiers and their friends, has taken a leading part in all war schemes She is kindly and sympathetic, and soldiers' wives have found in her a warm friend and confidant.

A Violinist by Heredity.

Mr James Scott Skinner, whose visit to Edinburgh aroused a great deal of interest in musical circles, is descended from the same class of people as Robert Burns, and he is identified in no small degree with that same Scottish minstrelsy which the National Bard has by his genius made immortal. Born in 1843 at Banchory Ternan, Kincardineshire, James Scott Skinner may be said to be a violinist by heredity, for his father was skilled in fiddling and dancing, and he is recognised by many as the finest living exponent of Scottish music. It is not, however, as an instrumentalist alone that he is famous. His compositions of Scottish pieces are familiar to all who profess any acquaintance with the melodies of Scotland. Scottish to the backbone, Scott Skinner is imbued with even an extra dose of patriotism—a circumstance which has no doubt led him to devote his energies mainly to national melody, although he would have come to the front in any class of music.

Argyll Officer's Amazing Exploit.

Lieut. Munro, who has received the Military Cross for being instrumental in capturing, with the assistance of another officer and a few men, an enemy battalion commander, four officers and two men, is the only son of the late Mr William Munro, town clerk, Dunoon, and of Mrs Munro, Oakville, Bridge of Allan. He was educated at Kelvingrove, Bridge of Allan, and Fettes College, Edinburgh. He received his commission as second-lieutenant in the Argyllshire Territorials in October, 1914, joining at Dunoon, and was promoted lieutenant in July last.

A Many-Sided Man.

Here is a photograph of Mr Daniel Grant, jun., who has just been re-elected as the president of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association. Mr Grant is a many-sided man, and among other things he is one of the High Constables of Edinburgh, as well as being a special constable. It is not long ago since he was honoured by appointment as the captain of the High Constables in the ward with which he has been associated all his life—Morningside Ward—and he takes an enthusiastic interest in everything he does. Mr Grant's father, who is still alive, is reckoned to be the oldest member of the jewellery craft in Auld Reekie.

Equipping Youth for Business.

Mr Grant is a strong supporter of technical education as the surest means of equipping the boy to take his place in business life, and he was voicing to me the other day some of his opinions on this point. After the war—he rightly observed—the training of the youth must be very seriously tackled, tackled as it has never been before in this country, for more than ever we have to look to the commercial future of our Empire once the world comes back to its normal state. Mr Grant tells me that a new practical class for youths wishing to learn the art of watch and clock-making—for undoubtedly it is an art, and a very wonderful art, too—was recently started by Edinburgh School Board under the auspices of his Trade Association, and its success is proving his theory up to the hilt.

Interesting War Curio.

An interesting war curio is being displayed for sale in a Greenock auctioneer's window at present. It consists of a cross of cedar wood, on which is mounted a piece of the Zepp. brought down by Flight-Lieut. Robinson at Cuffley on Sunday, September 3, 1916. The wood of this curio is interesting in itself, being a piece cut from one of the famous cedars of Lebannon (Holy Land), and in it is set a fine Cairngorm stone surrounded by silver work. The whole forms a striking and attractive memento of the war.

Major Ogilvie's New Post.

Major F. G. Ogilvie, C.B., who has been appointed as an Assistant Director at the War Office, is one of the well-known Ogilvie family, of Aberdeen, the eldest son of the late Dr Alexander Ogilvie, headmaster of Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, and himself well known in the educational world as a former Principal of the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh. Since 1911 he has been Secretary of the Board of Education for the Science Museum and Geological Survey, and Director of the Science Museum. Those of us who know the undoubted organising talent of the Ogilvie family have great confidence in the success with which the major will fill his new post.

Popular Dominie.

If a plebiscite were taken of the ratepayers in the mining district of Burnbank, Hamilton, to ascertain the name of the gentleman who stood highest in the estimation of the "wielders of the pick and shovel" it would be found that Mr James Ballantyne, the headmaster of Greenfield Public School, enjoyed a commanding lead. Since he came to the district he has made it a study to understand something of the aims, aspirations, ideas, and sympathies of those who toil in the depths. He has associated with them at their work, and, better still, he has kept in touch with them in their hours of leisure.

Doyen of Baptist Ministers.

The doyen of Baptist ministers in the West of Scotland, the Rev Geo. Whittet, of Wishaw, is I hear, retiring shortly, after a ministry in the Black Country town extending over forty-one years. Mr Whittet is one of the most striking figures in the district. Almost every Saturday night during all those years Mr Whittet has been seen at the head of his gospel band marching through Wishaw's streets. Wind and weather have had few terrors for him, and frequently I have met him tramping through the snow to and from evangelistic missions in outlying villages. Mr Whittet proposes to spend his well-earned leisure in his native Perthshire, where, I understand, it is his intention to go back to the land, for he comes of good Scottish farming stock.

A Popular Chairman.

Few men are better known down Levenside way than Mr Hugh Currie, the chairman of the Bonhill Parish Council. Mr Currie, who is a native of Leven's Valley, has just been re-elected as chairman of that Council for the fourth year in succession. This is the first time that a chairman has held that office for four years, and is a distinct feather in Mr Currie's cap. In his younger days he was well known in sporting circles, being the match secretary of the famous Vale of Leven F.C. when they were in the First League, and a power in the land. That's not yesterday, but Mr Currie wears well. He held a responsible post in the Levenbank Works, Jamestown, for a number of years, and is the life and soul of any cause for the welfare of his native vale.

The Lady Minister.

My allusion a week ago to Mrs Mary Black occupying the pulpit of West of Scotland churches whose ministers are on war

Lafayette.

services brings me a note from a correspondent, who points out that at present a lady is occupying the pulpit in Shieldmuir Primitive Methodist Church, Wishaw. The minister there has gone to France for several months, and Miss Renwick, I am informed, is conducting the work of the church with marked success. This talented lady, whose photograph this is, is not new to pulpit work, having had considerable experience as an evangelist in England, where she also had charge of a church for nine months.

Honours for Millport Officer.

Lieut.-Colonel C. M'Leod Robertson, who is mentioned in despatches by Sir Douglas Haig, is a well-known Scottish Territorial officer. In pre-war days he commanded the Bute Mountain Artillery, a unit which, since the war, has been considerably expanded, and has done valuable service at the front. Sickness prevented the Colonel going with them, but subsequently he found outlet for his energies in the command of a divisional ammunition column of the R.F.A. in France, and has already earned other war honours. He is a Millport man.

The Builder of Rosyth.

To be appointed as the resident manager for the much-talked-of Scottish National Housing Company, Limited, whose operations in the Rosyth area are now creating considerable public interest, is a big compliment to Mr William Ross Young, who is already well and favourably known throughout the British Isles as one of the leading town-planning enthusiasts of the day. Mr Young I know to be a man of ideals as well as ideas, and many a conversation have I enjoyed with him discussing the pros and cons of the ever-present housing problem. "Town-planning," he once remarked to me, "demands the housing of our population in units which will not only divide beauty, health, and convenience, but will enable the communal and civic fabrics of our town and city life to be laid down on a more idealistic and refined basis." With such an ideal enthusing him I think it will be agreed that in his new and important position Mr Ross Young is the right man in the right place.

Talks, Writes, and Thinks Well.

Mr Young is a Perthshire man, having been brought up on a farm where some generations ago his family established themselves. He has seen civic service in Perth, Falkirk, and North Berwick, and he comes fresh from his well-known activities as the Town-Planning Engineer for Mid-Lanark to assume his latest position. He has the happy knack of being able to talk well, write well, and think well, but he always talks and writes and thinks with a definite purpose in view—the betterment of the communal life of that much-kicked-about individual known, familiarly as the "Man in the Street."

Visiting Dumfries.

The gentleman in charge of the Liberal party treasure chest, the Right Hon. John W. Gulland, M.P., is spending a short holiday at Dumfries. In company with his wife he is making a tour of the burghs in his constituency. This is the first occasion he has been north since he was admitted to the Privy Council, and he has been warmly congratulated on the honour by his friends in both political parties. Mr Gulland, who has represented the Dumfries District of Burghs since 1906, married Miss Edith Allen, of Whitefield, Manchester, and his wife takes a keen interest in the doings of Parliament.

Mr Cruickshank's Laudable Efforts.

Mr John T. Cruickshank met with a very hearty reception from his commercial traveller friends in Glasgow when he was elected President of the Scottish Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Fund for Widows and Orphans. This is one of the organisations in which Mr Cruickshank has taken the greatest interest for many years. I had a chat with him before his appointment, and I know how keen he is to make the ensuing year the most successful in the history of the organisation, notwithstanding the war. For one thing, he hopes to get the Glasgow wholesale merchants to be regular subscribers to the funds, as he has been largely instrumental in doing in Aberdeen.

National Service and Agriculture.

Lafayette.

Mr James Adam, whose photograph flanks this paragraph, is General Commissioner for Scotland under Mr Neville Chamberlain's scheme of national service in relation to agriculture. Mr Adam, who is well known in Scottish legal and political circles, is a native of Auld Reekie. He is the son of the late Lord Adam of Bever fame. When the affairs of the Unionist party in Scotland were placed under the charge of Sir George Younger Mr Adam received the appointment of secretary to the Scottish Unionist Whip. The Unionist offices in Edinburgh were early transformed into Red Cross headquarters, and in the organisation of this important branch of war work Mr Adam took a leading part.

From Signalman to Drink Dictator.

Mr Andrew Ballantyne, whom the Liquor Control Board have appointed to supervise licensed premises in the harbour area of Glasgow, has had a most interesting career. A native of Motherwell, Andrew began life as a signalman in the employment of the Caledonian Railway. In the famous strike of a quarter of a century ago he took a leading part, and so ably did he place the grievance of the railway workers before the members of the Royal Commission sitting in London that he drew forth the admiration of Lord Peel, the most famous of the Commissioners. Lord Peel was then greatly attracted by Mr Ballantyne's abilities and personality. The result was that after holding an appointment as Inspector of Factories Mr Ballantyne was chosen by the Public-House Trust, which supported the policy of Lord Peel, to supervise the scheme in the West of Scotland. Mr Ballantyne is now to a certain extent Glasgow's drink dictator, and anyone who knows the man will realise that his policy will not lack courage and will be ably handled.

Helped to Make New Orleans.

The announcement from New Orleans of the death of Mr Alexander Annan recalls the fact of the great part this gentleman has played in the history of that important city near the Mississippi, to which place he migrated from Scotland over half-a-century ago. A son of a worthy merchant of Ardrishaig, he on his arrival assisted in a large general business, and afterwards in a slating business in which his uncle was a partner, and in which he eventually became sole proprietor. He also took up sugar planting with great energy and success.

Every year for many years past he took a trip home to visit his friends. He was a generous benefactor of his native town.

Miss Pierson, of Alloa.

The good folks of Alloa have always had a reputation for generosity, and certainly the soldiers stationed there have been loud

Lafayette.

in their praises of the hospitality and kindness of the citizens. This young lady, whose photograph reflects her charming personality, takes a keen interest in all war work. She is Miss A. Pierson, Rowallan, Alloa, and has proved a good friend of the Tommies whose lot has been cast in the brewery town.

Arbroath Lady's Activities.

Here is the photograph of Mrs Lindsay Carnegie of Anniston, one of Arbroath's most energetic philanthropic workers. Mrs Carnegie has never turned a deaf ear to the sacred cause of charity, and consequently every movement for the alleviation of distress and suffering secures her enthusiastic support. She has been prominently identified with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and the Jubilee Nursing Association has found in her an excellent friend. This paragraph would be extremely lengthy were I to recount all the other schemes with which she is connected, but it can safely be said that Mrs Carnegie is in the forefront of all good work in Arbroath.

Lafayette.

Miners' Political Organiser.

A kenspeckle figure in Lanarkshire, and, indeed, in every district of Scotland where pithead frames may be said to dot the landscape, is Mr Duncan Graham, the political organiser of the Scottish Mine Workers' Union. In his day Mr Graham has borne the brunt of many a sharp electioneering campaign, and what he does not know in relation to tactics is scarcely worth learning. On behalf of labour representation in St Stephen's—and very specially direct representation of mining by mining men—he has travelled the whole of Scotland, while on occasion he has given a hand in England and Wales. Although lately he has devoted his energies towards housing reform in Lanarkshire, he has not been at all unmindful of his responsibilities should a general election loom on the horizon. Indeed, he has given the assurance that were an appeal to be made to the country at any time by the Government in power it would find the Labour organisation in the mining constituencies throughout Lanarkshire in apple-pie order.

A Minister as Fire-Fighter.

This is the latest photograph of the Rev. J. Thurburn Conn, who some twenty years ago was one of the most energetic workers in connection with the Glasgow City Mission, and who, after experience as assistant to the late eloquent preacher, the Rev. George A. Johnston in John Knox Parish Church, Aberdeen (latterly of Grange in Aberdeenshire), went to Canada eight years ago as a Presbyterian minister, and quite recently has been transferred from Matheson to Markdale Presbyterian Church, Ontario. It was while he was in Matheson that Mr Thurburn Conn, one of the most unconventional men I have ever known, greatly distinguished himself for his splendid courage and rescue work in connection with the great forest fire of 29th July last, a fire which devastated a belt of country 150 miles long by 12 miles broad. Not only were his efforts successful in saving lives, but afterwards he took part in digging the graves and conducting burial services for the victims.

Glasgow Ladies' Enthusiasm For War Work.

Lafayette.

These Glasgow ladies are taking a big share in war work, and have long shown themselves unflagging in their efforts to better the lot of the Tommies, whether in training at the front or in the hospital. Reading from left to right are:—Mrs F. Anderson, 11 Grosvenor Terrace, Glasgow; Miss E. Anderson, Redhill, Kelvinside; and Miss L. Anderson, Redhill, Kelvinside. Mrs Anderson and the Misses Anderson are not related.

THE LONG ARM OF HELLA VON WAMBERG

Mysterious Fate of Beautiful Actress who Tried to Expose German Spies.

Written by an Englishman who previous to the war was an instructor in foreign languages at the Berlin War Academy, this Series of articles reveals inner secrets of the colossal German spy system, and makes startling revelations about the amazing activities of the women engaged on the German Army Spy Staff. The rights of publication of this Series have been specially secured for "The Post Sunday Special."

WITH the capture of Martha Bergh a blow was dealt to the organisation Hella Von Wamberg, a blow which, ough it was not necessarily fatal, certainly d the momentary effect of throwing the achine out of gear.

It is a peculiar fact that, in spite of magficent inducements, traitors have been conicuous by their absence in the Women y Bureau, and this may be ascribed either the princely manner in which Hella ats those of her assistants who, in the ttle of wits that espionage really is, prove ir worthiness.

Those who fail, fail early in their career, en their potentialities for harm are exdingly small; and those who in the try period of their novitiate, when they are bject to a close surveillance, show signs weakness are cleared away, some to the nmon houses of Germany or South erica, some to an unknown grave. For lla and her machine are not fastidious as the means employed. Rotterdam can tell tales of some tragedies, where young s have perished.

remember one case that occurred a few nths before the war. A young Belgian actss, Valentine van E., had been entrapped the "journalist trick," concerning which have spoken in one of my preceding icles.

The Spy's Futile Attempt at Revenge.

She had been "caught" in Luxemburg, d had been rendered flexible by the use the familiar weapon of blackmail. She s high-spirited, and even when she was rolled as a regular woman spy she gave r chiefs many anxious moments For ne months she had been kept employed ide the Empire on one pretext or anher, and then had been sent as a final lish to Krupp's Correspondence Bureau, ere she had spied impartially on Gerny's allies and enemies.

She was a good actress, for she succeeded dispelling the suspicions that she had viously aroused. Then Hella Von Wamrg, as a recognition of her merit, gave her commission of reporting on the Scheldt, h headquarters at Ghent and Flushing.

I met her once in Ghent, and travelled h her in a tramp steamer down the al to the sea. She meditated some rege, and had hidden her mission so very lessly that even the unsophisticated Beln and Dutch police watched her.

The moment came when she, poor fool, ught she could strike. She had procured ns of a fortress, and in order that she ght involve them in her ruin she had, some pretext or other, invited Hella Von mberg, Marthe Bergh, and Conrad Von rtzenfels to meet her in a certain hotel.

Had she succeeded the entire spy machine uld have been wrecked, but she was a r fool to think that she could successy pit her brains against those of the utiful Hella. She had been watched, when the police, who, as planned with lentine, arrived, they found the nest pty.

Hella's Terrible Retribution.

Valentine was taken to prison. On the owing morning the warders found her g on her pallet dead. A night garment been crushed into her mouth, and on pillow was a piece of cardboard embling an unprinted visiting-card, which was written, "With greet-" ("Mit Grüssen"). Through whom had died no one ever knew. It may be long arm of Hella, who never forgives, has rendered it impossible to extract information from her captured victims.

have spoken in these articles frequently Krupp's Correspondence Bureau, and it be interesting to explain the origin development of this branch of Gery's espionage system. At the outset of a's career as mistress-spy, at that time n she founded the Lady Detective Inte, she discovered that she was working absolutely virgin material. Though woman spy has been for years past a ourite character in sensational literature, n safely say that, with the exception of of our Allies, women were rarely emed except in administrative work.

p to the time when Hella dazzled the rnational agencies Germany's female s numbered three, none of whom was brilliant or dangerous. Conrad Von Hertzenfels in his spy academy was working with quite different material. His scholars had either served their years in some army or had at least a smattering of science, but those whom Hella Von Wamberg entrapped were governesses or lady clerks or teachers of foreign languages. They had only one qualification, and that was their education, but they knew nothing of systems of combustion or steel mixings or plan drawings or rifles. They were rough diamonds, and it was Hella's duty to polish them. It is useless to speak of magazine guns to one who has only a faint conception of what is meant by the word.

The Final Training Ground.

It was when she had wrestled for months with her first pupils that Hella conceived the idea of sending them to Krupp's artillery works by an arrangement with the General Staff. At first they were told only to observe the various stages of manufacture, and to memorise the technical terms and their meanings.

In contact with the actual article their trained brains stood them in good stead, and then came the second development. Krupp's possess an internal system of observation that is unsurpassed, and Hella's pupils were instructed to pit their wits against the minions of Krupp's. The game went on stage by stage until it reached its present condition.

The Correspondence Bureau is the recognised final training-ground. It spies impartially on itself and Germany and Germany's allies and enemies. It bribes Prussian artillery officers, but the information that it gains is locked in its own archives, and is never used to the detriment of the Fatherland, though it is used commercially. It watches over the foreign spies, who gain access to the jealously-guarded works as labourers. Into this vortex Hella threw her pupils, and after a few months their knowledge was more than sufficient for Hella's purpose. Krupp's Correspondence Bureau still remains a powerful auxiliary.

Such is the story of Hella Von Wamberg and her system, a woman who has risen to such heights in Germany that even the great Generals bow before her.

Von Haesler's "Frightfulness."

Turning from this subject, I will now pass on to relate a happening which occurred in Belgium, and which gives an illustration of the soul of the German. It was at the time when Field-Marshal Von Haesler was making his rush through that unfortunate country. I will explain here that the Great General Staff had fixed the period in which the conquest of Belgium should be completed as three weeks, and Von Haesler was very wroth that the Allies had forced him to change his plans. He implored the help of Conrad Von Hertzenfels, the chief German spy in Belgium.

Von Hertzenfels had been delegated to do the nefarious work of undermining the internal defence of Belgium, and it is only due to him to say that his work was carried out ruthlessly and completely. Even at that time when the German hordes were far advanced in Belgium, he was masquerading in Brussels as a titled young Englishman.

Von Haesler had appealed to Hertzenfels for revenge. How that bestial revenge was carried out can best be told in his own report to the Great General Staff. I might mention that this report was shown to me by Assessor Braumüller, who then occupied the position of secretary to the staff

When the Germans had arrived in Liege Von Hertzenfels relates:—"I caused an order to be issued calling the inhabitants to assemble on the Place de l'Université that the proclamations might be read out to them. In accordance with instructions received from Excellency Von Haesler, I had previously posted on the roof of the University several soldiers and non-commissioned officers taken from the 191st Mecklenburg Infantry Regiment and from the Silesian Landwehr, who could speak Russian. These I had disguised as Russian students, and in order that no hitch might take place I placed others of our soldiers similarly disguised among the assembly. While Oberst R. was engaged in reading the orders my men shot at the soldiers, several of whom were killed by the first volley. Shots were also fired from among the crowd. Oberst R. gave instructions for the attendant machine-gun section to fire on the Belgians, and in the subsequent street fighting heavy casualties took place among the Belgians."

So far his report goes. For this he was decorated by the Kaiser with the Order of the Iron Cross.

Fiendish Glee of Braumuller.

Assessor Braumüller then took up the thread, and told me a story that was revolting in its absolute disregard of the elementary rules of morality.

At first the Belgians, when they heard the shots ring out, turned to flee, but the Germans could not be shaken off. Volley after volley swept through the crowd, and the cruel bullets took no pity on smiling childhood nor on trembling age. And the hot blood of the Walloons mounted, and they fought with their hands and feet against the German bayonets, but unavailingly, for their doom had been sealed by Von Hertzenfels, from whom there is seldom any escape.

The best joke (to Braumüller's mind) was yet to come, for he laughed gleefully when he told me:—"And to save future complications Hertzenfels caused those of his spies who were captured to be summarily shot as franc-tireurs." Such is the story that is entered in black and white on the books of the Great General Staff.

I mention Assessor Braumüller's name here because he is beyond the vengeance of his masters. In March of 1915 a young French lady came to him that her passport might be endorsed. In his heavy Teutonic way he endeavoured to take liberties with her. She killed him with his own revolver.

Countess von Faber-Castell, another of Germany's superwomen, who has had a great share in the success of the huge Faber-Castell pencil factory.

I must confess that the conduct of the German officers especially has caused me no surprise, for I have seen how decent young boys were rendered vicious, how they went to the school pent up with honourable aspirations and the reverence of good, and how they left as prematurely aged roués.

The training in brutality and the love for the infliction of pain began with the first day of the cadet's school life. It is impossible for me to give you any idea of the barbarity to which the new cadet is subjected, and it is not unusual for a cadet to take his own life rather than continue to suffer. During one term no fewer than seven of these young men committed suicide, and, though the parents received a notification of the deaths, in no case was an inquiry ever requested. The unfortunate mothers knew.

These young boys, as officers of the Prussian Army, are treated with the greatest deference in Berlin. They become well known in the discreet wine-rooms that abound in the neighbourhood of Friedrichstrasse, and he who is not a libertine is a subject for the mockery of his comrades.

German Blood-Lust.

As an example of the effects of the furor teutonicus I will relate the case of Dr Ludwig Frank. He was a Jew, a barrister, and a Socialist leader. For three weeks he diatribed against the war. Towards the end of August his friend, Adolf Kaufmann, of Berlin, received a letter from him, in which he wrote:—"I think I will go to the front. I cannot help it. I know as well as you that our masters called for this war to smash Socialism and save themselves from the threatening revolution. But I want to fight. I think it must be the old blood-lust that itches. I want to see red blood, and to hear the moans of those who die. I think that sight must be worth the sacrifice of all ideals." And Ludwig Frank went—and died.

His case is not uncommon. He only typifies the German innate coarseness and love of brutality, which, as in war, is found in peace, for Germany is the home of those who are afflicted with all manner of unnatural vices.

Frequent Cases of Suicide.

Another peculiar characteristic which one finds only in Germany is the prevalence of juvenile suicide, which is three times greater than that for all European countries together, with the exception of Russia, which has been in a small measure contaminated by its proximity to Hunland.

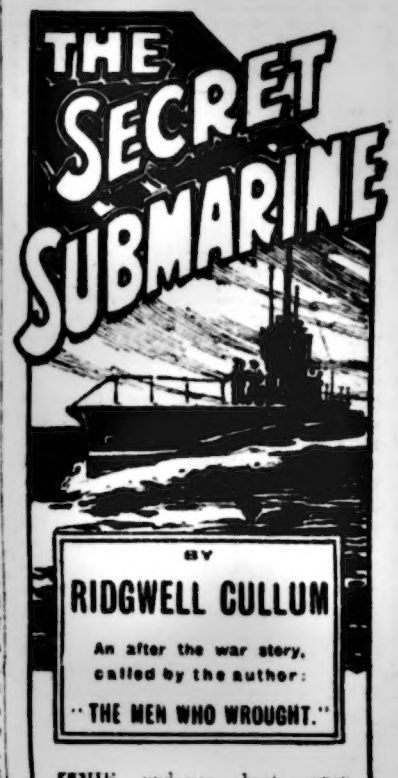
If a student at a public school fails at an examination he generally ends his life immediately either by poison or by drowning, very seldom by shooting. If a mother interferes in the love affairs of her young daughter the girl seeks solace in the cold clasp of the river.

Such suicides are so frequent now in Germany that they seldom receive notice in the papers. All this can be traced back to the moral decadence of an entire people, and the story of this degeneration is so lurid that these columns are scarcely the place in which to make it public.

The world will gasp in wonder when, after the war, the full story of the mark of the beast is revealed. I think that enough has been related to show the fibre of the German soul, which beats only for cruelty and barbarity and outrage, that will sacrifice everything that the Fatherland may remain untouched. I thought in Russian Poland that I had seen the last word on barbarity, but my eyes were opened when I went to East Prussia, where the female farm labourers are stripped and publicly flogged if their work fails to please their masters. Every remembrance that I have of Germany shows me in an ever-clearer light the truth of the immortal phrase of Jaurès—"The modern German has a thin veneer of civilisation, beneath which there lurks the soul of a wolf."

NEXT WEEK—

Through Belgium with the Huns. An amazing narrative exposing the cruelties of the Kaiser's forces.



BY

RIDGWELL CULLUM

An after the war story, called by the author:

"THE MEN WHO WROUGHT."

THE undersea boat, upon which the very existence of Britain may in the future depend, is the striking theme of the remarkable story which starts in "The Post Sunday Special" next week. The author—Ridgwell Cullum—shows how the submarine menace can in future be entirely eliminated; and the appearance of his prophetic book shortly before the Deutschland arrived in America created a great stir.

THERE IS ALSO A BIG LOVE STORY.

BEGINS NEXT WEEK IN

The Post Sunday Special

Film Queen's Exciting Adventure.

Mme. Olga Petrovna, the well-known film actress, gave the public a notable "close-up" of emotional acting in real life the other day, when fire swept through her studio, destroying £5,000 dollars worth of jewels, gowns, furs, and hats.

Madame Petrovna was taking part in a tense scene in "The Waiting Soul." A terrific explosion heightened the tension, and the actress started to make her escape.

In her dressing-room, right off the studio, on the third floor, she had left in the care of the maid, beside her street clothing, a leopard skin coat which she valued at 15,000 dollars. She made a dash for this before the director and the camera man could stop her. Pulling on the leopard skin coat she rushed through the suffocating smoke for the fireproof stairway.

There the director and camera man were waiting to carry her to the street. The fireproof sides of the staircasing had become red hot! It was through this blistering heat that Mme. Petrovna was taken to safety.

IN THE MELTING POT.

BRIGHT PARS ON TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY THOMAS JAY.

It is now stated that since the war very few children have been christened William. So that later on when the war is over we shall have fewer Bills to meet.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

Reuter refers to "an outlying troop of Germans in German East Africa." A troop outlying seems natural where Germans are concerned.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

Our gallant Roumanian Ally appears to be gaining some passes recently taken by the enemy. The enemy now admit that things have come to a pretty pass.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

A coal loader told the Shoreditch Tribunal that he had from 70 to 80 tons of coal on his back every day. Silly horse-play we should call it if we found 60 tons of coal on our back.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

It is now suggested that people should call at all their tradesmen, place their orders, and carry their own goods home. But the bills for same will be sent as usual. They will not have to be called for.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

From a morning paper:—"All eyes are now on the North Sea and the French frontier." It seems a bit of a job.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

From the Berliner Tageblatt we gather that the Kaiser is about to take the field. This will be a disappointment to many who have thought the Kaiser was all at sea.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

I was not surprised the other day to read a well-known fashion expert. He states that people will soon be using real vegetables, fruits, and flowers as trimming for hats instead of the artificial stuff.

There was always a sense of something wanting about these hats, and now perhaps it will be put right. It will be jolly interesting to listen to the milliner shouting down the tube—"Pink lark with two veg., please," or "Send up another helping of jacket potatoes for Mrs Smartset's new toque."

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

I hope they will stop at real vegetables and not demand real fish for millinery. It would be simply awful sitting on the back seat of the omnibus when half a dozen ladies were in front with hats trimmed with last season's sardines.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

The Crown Prince has been celebrating his youngest son's birthday. It appears he is fast becoming a charming young burglar.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

"People must have chocolate to eat in the cinema," says a well-known manager. But what is wrong with the old plan of chewing the corner of the programme?

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

How obliging our Magistrates are. Because he said he wanted to get back to prison a defendant at Worcester was sent there for twelve months.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

"We have plenty of food," says a Berlin message. Yes. Food for thought.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

"We are only interested in what the German thinks," says the Berliner Tageblatt, in which cases they won't be overworked.

⊙⊙⊙⊙⊙

A German soldier threw a hatchet at a British prisoner of war last week. They'll never bury it in that way.

IT IS THE WOMAN WHO PAYS

When a man gives up his omnibus seat to a woman he shows, without knowing it, that woman is of the privileged sex. She has so much to give, if she chooses, that she has earned this respect. She has so much to bear that she needs this consideration. But she must pay for her privileges. Nature exacts the price in bodily sufferings, which even the healthiest woman occasionally endures, and must always dread—especially in the years when she is entering middle age.

There are various causes for the frequent ill-health and weakness of women. They are more liable to be deficient in blood than men. Every woman knows the reason; but she need not be any weaker, or more liable to suffering, than men, if she will follow this advice. Women who have found the remedy do not, in fact, suffer. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people enable anyone who takes them—man or woman—to make more blood (and it is better blood, too); and that is why women who know the virtue of these pills save themselves so much needless suffering. The property of abundant, rich blood-making is peculiar to genuine Dr. Williams' pink pills; begin them to-day and avoid substitutes.

FREE to lady readers a book, "Plain Talks." Send post card for it to Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

MEETING THE SUB-MARINE MENACE.

NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME COMPLETE.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

TO-DAY being the birthday of the "All-Highest," we have been awaiting news from Berlin of a highly melodramatic character. That the Imperial Showman should let his anniversary go past without coming into the limelight was not anticipated, and eager discussion took place as to what present William had up his sleeve for his servile people and the world in general.

Recognising that peace is not the natural celebration of the Royal birthday, the Kaiser has let himself go in a telegram from Headquarters, which, by reason of its vituperation and threatenings, seeks to buoy up with false hopes the nations he has deluded.

With the preparations the Allies are making for the spring offensive there was little ground for German Main Headquarters joining in wishing the Imperial Hun many happy returns of the day.

Jellicoe's Secret.

Another secret which has called for general discussion this afternoon is the one which Admiral Jellicoe is carrying up his gold-braided sleeve. Germany has been flattering herself lately that her U boat menace is a card which will stand her in good stead in the great naval game, and in some quarters there has been some uneasiness to know what the Admiralty were doing in the matter.

The Navy League have broken the silence to some extent by giving the assurance that Admiral Jellicoe has the ace which will enable him to win the game, or, in other words, that he has taken measures which will enable him to defeat the threatened blockade. It is not possible, for obvious reasons, to go into details, but the nation may rest thoroughly satisfied that the plans which were partially disclosed to the Navy League are such as to satisfy them to the fullest extent.

A theatrical raid or two on the East Coast will avail Germany nothing. With Jellicoe at the Admiralty and Beatty on the North Sea the Huns are beaten on the water as they are on land, and we are only separated from a glorious victory by so long as they continue to skulk behind the sluice gates of Kiel.

Mr Chamberlain's Scheme.

Mr Neville Chamberlain has now got his department organised, and a large number of eminent workers are assisting him in launch his national service scheme.

The forecast published to-day shows that the scheme will be simply and effectively worked through the Labour Exchanges and the branch post offices, and that there will be ample opportunities for all between the ages of 18 and 60 to give what is best in them to the service of the nation.

The idea was widespread to-day that women were to be left out of the scheme, but, inquiring at headquarters, I was informed that Mr Chamberlain and his advisers are fully alive to the invaluable help which women have already rendered to the country, and that they would certainly be called upon to play their part.

At the Ministry of Munitions, where I had a long talk with one of the officials, I was informed that the women of the country had responded nobly to the appeals made to them, and that such has been the splendid character of the work they were doing that the Minister of Munitions is making no reservation. Every woman is wanted.

Earl of Stair in Switzerland.

The Earl of Stair, who has reached Switzerland, is well known in London as a link with the last of the Scottish nobles of the old days. His grandfather was a picturesque figure frequently seen in town and famous because of his refusal to talk to anyone except in the braid Scots tongue.

The present Earl was in the retreat from Mons, and up till now he has been interned at Crefeld. There the close confinement has impaired his eyes to such an extent that he will never return to the Scots Guards. The estates of the family, as everyone knows, are in Wigtownshire.

Value of a Scots Name.

When an astute lawyer like Sir Gordon Hewart admits that he has gone under false pretences all his life and achieved no small portion of his success by the aid of a Scots name one finds a goodly portion of food for mental reflection.

The Solicitor-General, who candidly disclaims any trace of Scots ancestry, made the assertions above mentioned at a select gathering of Scots assembled to hold a Burns' nicht.

The natural inference is that there must be something in the claims of the race, despite all the jibes and sneers one hears at the expense of the Scot in office and in business in London, and that he has built his right to fame, prosperity, and success on a foundation of ability and merit. Any lawyer will tell you that you cannot beat counsel's opinion.

STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE NORTH SEA.

ZEEBRUGGE RAIDERS SEVERELY HANDLED—"LIVE WIRE" POLICY OF THE NEW ADMIRALTY.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

AFTER the German destroyers made their raid down the Channel on October 26 last, Mr Balfour expressed the opinion that any further such escapades could not be attempted by the enemy without meeting with proper punishment. Twice since then have hostile torpedo craft approached our coasts without anything exciting happening.

Critics of the old Admiralty Board and the Coalition Government remarked sarcastically that Mr Balfour's coming victories resembled the jam promised by the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland." Jam "every other day" meant jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day.

> However, those who could possess their souls in patience knew the time would come when the Hun would send the raiding pitcher just once too often to the well. So it happened this week. "He who laughs last, laughs best." At last the Zeebrugge raiders have received something nasty in settlement of their account for "services rendered."

Our information on the destroyer battles of last Monday night come from three sources. Firstly, we have the Admiralty version, which, as usual, says as little as possible. Secondly, there is the official German account, and this, too, says as little as possible, but in a different way, and with the maximum amount of mendacity. Thirdly, there are Dutch reports unlimited, all highly coloured and mutually contradictory. Practically all these Dutch reports emanate from Ymuiden, and narrate the adventures of the German destroyer V69. For the most part they are utterly unreliable and at variance with each other.

To show their worthlessness, it may be pointed out that these Ymuiden reports cannot even agree on the size of V69, her total complement, or the number of her casualties. It is no new experience to receive garbled and contradictory reports from neutral countries immediately after a naval battle. But there is such a systematic discordance in the Dutch messages, one is inclined to suspect the "pitch" is being deliberately "queered," probably by German agents. We ourselves are not without blemish in this respect, for after the Falklands battle messages appeared in our papers "from South American ports" which certainly did not pass over any oceanic cable.

What Was the Motive?

What were the German destroyers out for last Monday night? On our present untrustworthy information it is quite useless trying to find out the real enemy motive for the expedition. All the same, we can suggest the most likely objectives they had in mind. Were they out raiding? The night was quite suitable for a "coup de main" in the Channel. There was no moon and a high tide for a run across any British minefields. The fatal objection is, the German destroyers were found making tracks along the Dutch coast and in the opposite direction to the Straits of Dover. It is possible they were bent on one of their midnight forays to the North Hinder Lightship, to pick up a Dutch steamer which could be taken to Zeebrugge and plundered.

We are told these German destroyers left Zeebrugge because they were in danger of being frozen in there. On the face of it, this explanation is not satisfactory. It is rather hard to see what danger would arise from German ships being glued up in ice for a week or two at Zeebrugge. Two weeks' immobility would be no novelty to these vessels, and the coastal defences are quite powerful enough to keep British bombarding squadrons at long range off the port.

After all, if it does come to being frozen in, why should Hun destroyers try to bolt to a home port, like Emden, in a more northerly situation? If there is any danger of ice forming at Zeebrugge, there is even a greater chance of it at Emden, for Holland and all North Germany is now in the grip of a rigorous frost. The Baltic is also completely frozen up. Leaving Zeebrugge for Emden would simply mean jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, so far as avoiding ice is concerned.

It should be remembered that two separate destroyer fights took place on the night of January 22-23. Nearly all our information centres round the battle of the Zeebrugge destroyers off the Schouwen Bank, which we can call Fight "B." Of Fight "A" we know very little beyond what is given in the Admiralty report, where the location of the scrap is vaguely stated as "in the North Sea, off the Dutch coast."

There is a suspicion the Germans were trying to unite two separate forces of destroyers for some hidden end. One destroyer flotilla is supposed to have left Emden and steamed south-west along the Dutch Coast, while the Zeebrugge boats steamed north-east. It is surmised these two forces would have effected a junction off the Dutch Coast near the Texel, and then proceeded, in united forces, on some special enterprise had they not been caught and separately defeated before the junction could be effected.

A Dutch report does refer to one division of German destroyers being "forced back to Heligoland," and other boats being "thrust against the Flemish Coast." This does support the "junction idea," but, at the best, it is a theoretical explanation, devoid of any pratcical backing by proved facts. No; the chances are the German boats were out raiding, and "got their numbers put up" by our warships.

The Fight Described.

As remarked above, we know practically nothing of fight "A," beyond the fact that one German destroyer was sunk, others were well shot up but escaped. The darkness prevented our ships from estimating the enemy. For this meagre information we are indebted to the Admiralty. As an index to fight "B" off the Schouwen Bank, we have the "Adventures of V69" as retailed by Dutch reports from Ymuiden. It is useless trying to give any precise details, especially when one finds that the German destroyers left Zeebrugge at (a) 10 p.m. in one Dutch report, (b) midnight in another, and (c) 1 o'clock in a third version. Likewise, we are told, after four hours' steaming they only got to the Schouwen Bank thirty miles away, which means that these thirty-five knot German boats made an average pace of seven-and-a-half miles an hour!

Without trying to reconcile all these discordant statements some general idea can be given of the Schouwen Bank affair, and more particularly the experience of V69. Late on the night of the 22d a division, composed of twelve German destroyers, left Zeebrugge for some "enterprise." It cannot be discerned if all the boats belonged to the 16th Division of the German Home Fleet, or if they were units drawn from the 6th, 12th, and 14th Divisions. This force was under the command of Korvetten-Kapitan Schulz in V69, the "division leader" or "flagship" corresponding to the British "flotilla-leader." V69 was the last vessel in the enemy's line.

Somewhere between 2 and 3 a.m. on the morning of the 23d the Germans were overtaken and attacked by a British force, either of ten or twelve vessels. It looks as if the British destroyers were divided into two groups, one group attacking from astern, so as to cut off the German line of retreat to Zeebrugge, while the second group got between the enemy and the Dutch Coast to prevent the Huns running for cover in neutral waters. After this the German motto seems to have been "each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," the unfortunate "hindmost" being V69.

The first shot wrecked V69's forebridge, brought the mast down, disabled the steering gear, and killed Korvetten-Kapitan Schulz. The second steering position in the stern was also knocked out, and V69 had to steer as best she could by "jockeying" with her screws. For the next hour she was subjected to a severe and accurate fire, as both British and German destroyers tore, side by side, up the Dutch coast. At the unearthly hour of four in the morning V69 was charged and rammed by a big British destroyer. The impact was a glancing one, but the shock brought down one of V69's funnels, dented her side, and opened her seams. For the next two or three hours it was touch-and-go whether she would founder or not.

Mystery of V69's Identity.

At this point the narrative is taken up by the Dutch tugboat Eens. At half-past eight on the morning of the 23d she sighted one German destroyer, steaming northwards, about four miles from the Dutch coast near Ymuiden. This boat was about seventy miles from Zeebrugge, with another two hundred to go to the nearest German port. She had evidently been cut off, and was trying to bolt for Borkum or Emden by skating along the edge of the Dutch territorial waters. At nine o'clock the Eens came across the ruins of V69, and took off ten severely wounded men. Later three tugs came out and took the destroyer into Ymuiden Haven.

The following list has been prepared of V69's injuries: — Shot holes in bows, forebridge smashed up, foremast shot away, one funnel lying on the deck and another standing with a list of 45 degrees, torpedo tubes knocked off the turntables, and stern badly damaged. V69 had her side crushed in where the British destroyer had rammed her, and was very deep in the water. If this is the way one German destroyer got shaken up, we wonder what happened to the others!

The exact identity of V69 is very much of a mystery. No German destroyer of this number was known to exist before the war. In August, 1914, six V boats were building by the Vulkan Company, numbered V43-48. Six other destroyers of 1200 tons were said to be building by the same firm for the Chinese Navy, but the actual existence of these craft has never been definitely proved. Even if they were taken into the Hunnish Navy, they would probably be numbered V109-114. One Ymuiden report says V69 probably belongs to a group of German torpedo craft laid down late in 1914, and completed in the summer of 1915. She is a big flotilla-leader of 1200 tons, while another message from the same Dutch town reports she is only a small boat of 400 tons.

The key to this puzzle is the complement. Sixty men represent the crew of a German 400-ton destroyer, but V69 appears to be manned by over a hundred officers and men. Seventy were landed at Ymuiden, sixteen or twenty-three are missing, eight were killed, and ten others severely wounded. This gives us a total of 114 or 121 men, against 83 for the biggest German pre-war destroyers of 680 tons.

V69 must accordingly be a big boat of over 1000 tons displacement. I hope that, some time during the next week, photos will turn up of the German boat, and we will then be able to see what the latest enemy torpedo craft are like and get a really definite idea of V69's size and fighting powers.

Now, to sum up results. To our advantage, we can claim the following points:—Two actions were fought with German destroyers in waters which the enemy claims are under his control and within measurable distance of powerful hostile bases. In one fight the advantage in numbers seems to have rested with the enemy, but he gained nothing from this superiority. One hostile vessel was sunk, another appears to have been cut off from her base, and a third unit was forced to take shelter in a neutral port in a grievously injured condition. Other German ships were heavily punished by our gunfire, but managed to make good their escape.

"One on the Nob" for the Raiders.

The loss of one destroyer is certainly not the full total of the German casualties. Dutch reports suggest the Huns lost anything between three and seven boats, but it is not worth while speculating on this subject at present, especially since all information from Holland is quite unreliable.

On the adverse side, one of our destroyers was torpedoed by the enemy, and suffered the loss of a heavy percentage of her crew. The vessel was also so badly injured, we had to scuttle her. As the Admiralty does not reveal the identity of the ship, we are forced to the conclusion she must have been a very new destroyer. Other of our ships sustained the injuries inseparable from a close action at high speed during the night time, but none appear to have been very badly knocked about.

All these are material results, pro and con. On the moral side, we have the satisfaction of having inflicted a crushing blow on a section of the German Navy which has caused us great annoyance and some little loss.

> It certainly is gratifying to know we have given the Zeebrugge raiders "one on the nob" in return for the Channel raid. The Dutch people should be equally pleased, for have not their ships been seized, haled to Zeebrugge, plundered, and treated with indignity. There is an ample and poetic justice in one of these Hun mauraders being forced to take shelter in a Dutch port, and exhibit her wounds and humiliation to her erstwhile victims.

The German official reports are modelled on lines we are well acquainted with. Every endeavour is made by downright lying and innuendo to create the impression that British warships could not damage the German destroyers, and even fought shy of tackling the enemy.

It should be remarked that in the first official German report the old, old lie was tacked on—"All our other ships returned safely to port," but in the second version only two destroyers are credited with having reached German harbours in safety. Silence is maintained about the remaining boats. Still, we need not infer too much from this change of tone, only at the end of the war we shall know the real enemy casualties in these actions.

> The German ships always "return safely to port," but we know of certain cases where "all the other ships" or "naval airships" never got back to any German port. Strange things happen in the middle of the North Sea, but unless a neutral is hanging round gaping we "keep the secret in the family."

"Live Wires" at the Admiralty

The past week has been marked by an important naval conference held at the Admiralty between our own Board and the French and Italian Ministers of Marine, attended by special staffs. It has been remarked before that, while the Army and Foreign Office were represented at the great conference of Allied statesmen in Paris and Rome, no representative of the British Navy ever attended these consultations. Considering the vital importance of the British Fleet to the Allied cause, and the enormous power it exerts by blockade, it is assuredly unfortunate that no delegate from the Admiralty ever accompanied Mr Asquith or Mr Lloyd George.

The presence of Rear-Admiral Lacaze and Vice-Admiral Camillo Corsi, the French and Italian Ministers of Marine, in London was a pretty certain indication that the maritime conclave discussed the naval situation in the Mediterranean. For several weeks past, it has been strongly hinted in these columns that matters were not going on well in the Mediterranean, where Austrian and German submarines have been creating considerable havoc for some time. The Austrian Navy also has things very much its own way in the Adriatic.

From the official report on the London Conference, it appears our Admiralty put forward various proposals for a co-ordinated scheme of naval strategy and that complete agreement was reached upon a common plan of action. The French Director of Shipping and the Italian Under-Secretary of Transports were probably invited to attend the meetings to discuss some scheme for "pooling" the whole of the Allied resources in transports, supply steamers, and mercantile shipping.

> The best outcome of the naval council should be a complete and vigorous scheme of counter-warfare against the Austro-German submarines and an adequate system of protection for all trade routes. There is also a chance some agreement may have been reached for the immediate construction of new mercantile tonnage in French and Italian shipyards.

Sir Edward Carson, Sir John Jellicoe, and the new Admiralty Board are "live wires," as the Americans say. The "can't be helped" policy of fatalistic resignation to circumstances has been hustled out of Whitehall by men who are determined that something can be done to better matters and also done quickly.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Removing the Evil Growth.

The surgeon when he uses his lancet does not seek to kill, but to cure. Germany has got to go upon the dissecting table, and when the surgical operation of the Allies is completed, and the evil and corrupt growth removed, then we can talk about equality and covenants.—Weekly News.

Britain's Brutal Fist.

One would imagine that neutral countries, bearing as they do on their own bodies the marks of innumerable blows dealt them by England's brutal fist, would by now have given the cold shoulder to the pitiful, worn-out phrases about imaginary and invented German crimes. — Rheinische-Westfalische Zeitung.

Happy Belgium!

Thanks to the German authorities, Belgium is placed far, far more favourably as regards the food question than we are in Germany. For example, the butchers' shops in Belgium are plentifully supplied with meat, and many articles of food are to-day easily to be obtained in that country, the very names of which have become fabulous among our people.—Berlin Post.

The Modesty of the Hun.

The impudence of England in demanding reparation from us has only had the effect of infusing fresh energy into our people. Of our modesty we have already given sufficient proof, even in the very course of our long array of victories. We shall see to it that the day of peace, whenever it comes, shall dawn on an England very different from that of to-day.—Cologne Gazette.

How We Shall Win the Race.

The future of the war will be a kind of race between the ability of the Germans to cut off our supplies to the point where we should be prevented from effectually making war, and the ability of the Allies to deal a decisive blow by land before that point can be reached. It is important to fight the war with that conception in our minds. It will direct our energies in the right channels. If we concentrate on the vital needs at the right moments we shall win the race, and win it handsomely.—Spectator.

Mr Hodge and Protection.

If the Ministry wishes to gain a measure of respect in the country, it will have to repress the oratory of Mr John Hodge, and the question might then arise as to what other function he discharges. He has this week declared for Protection after the war in one of his familiar speeches, which aim at genial irresponsibility but miss the light touch of the chartered humorist. He told his audience that he had been a fool in the past to believe in Free Trade, and clearly the confession is just, for he believed what he was incapable of understanding.—The Nation.

Wanted—A Better Sense of Proportion.

Small as casualties have been of late on the Western front, it is none the less a fact that the weekly toll of limbs and of lives is far greater than that involved in the recent London explosion. Yet the Londoner goes about his work or play with the comforting assurance that "all is quiet" in France, nothing doing there! To tell the truth, some chattering about a funny man music-hall performer, or a popular actress, or the latest big billiard break—any of these wretched trifles moves a great mass of people far more than the state of things at the seat of war, unless a big battle is "on." There is no doubt that soldiers, officers, and men alike in the trenches are becoming aware of this. In the end it may embitter even some of the best of them.—Saturday Review.

Apostles of the Parish Pump.

"In these days we cannot hesitate because we are breaking precedents." A national service would be done if this comment of the Prime Minister on the coming Empire War Council could be made a copy-book heading which every Little Englander and parish-pump politician should be compelled to write out several thousand times until they were ready to curse all precedents. Meanwhile we may be thankful that we have at the head of the Government a statesman who is not afraid to admit that the war has been educational. We have faith in a man who can change his opinions. The war has translated the theory of Empire into reality, and if the apostles of the parish pump still think that the old party landmarks can be restored they are past praying for.—Outlook.

Germany and Invasion of Britain.

Of the numerous points upon which the enemy can choose to concentrate, there is one that particularly concerns opinion in this country—it is the coast of the North Sea. For among the many forms which the last effort of the enemy is able to take, one may be a raid upon these islands. Such an effort would, if it failed to reach these shores at all, be no more than one disaster like any other disaster which in the actual number of men sacrificed would not be comparable to the sacrifice already made in Roumania without result. While if it succeeded in landing and maintaining a force for a sufficient time to do some serious damage, the political effect would be altogether out of proportion to anything else that could be achieved by the dwindling resources at the enemy's disposal.—M. H. Belloc in Land and Water.

HOPEFUL SIGNS FOR THE BIG OFFENSIVE.

GERMANY PREPARING HER PEOPLE FOR DEFEAT IN THE WEST.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE complete lull which the severe weather is imposing on nearly every atre of war affords an opportunity of a re general survey of the military situa- n than is sometimes possible. Everyone ognises, both here and apparently in rmany as well, that the present year, ough it may not mark the end, will cer- nly mark the decisive phase of the war. It is a hopeful sign that the enemy does t seem to view this prospect with any ry great confidence. There are signifi- nt indications that the German people are ing prepared for the probability that the es in the West which their armies have aintained ever since the battle of the rne are not likely to prove tenable very ch longer.

This want of confidence is attributed in ny quarters to the fact that the offensive ainst Roumania has proved a much more stly enterprise than Von Hindenburg ticipated. No doubt this has been a ntributory cause.

The Proverbial Last Straw.

But, looking at the war in its full rspective, it nevertheless represents little re than the proverbial last straw on the mel's back. For it has been the very ence of Allied strategy ever since the ginning of the war gradually to wear wn the enemy's strength. This was the ject of that policy of nibbling at the emy's lines which General Joffre adopted m the very first when the main burden the campaign fell upon France, while ssia was busy equipping her armies, and eat Britain was feverishly bent on creat- new army corps and preparing to turn t munitions on a scale unexampled in e world's history. We saw this same pur- se of wearing down the enemy's strength many of the offensives undertaken by ssia on the Eastern front.

And the policy has succeeded. Of that there can hardly be any doubt. We see evidences of it in all direc- tions.

What was Achieved at the Somme.

Germany is still asking the world to be- ve, and has almost succeeded in persuad- g herself to believe also, that the Somme ensive was a triumph for her arms and reverse for the Allies.

A reverse for us it certainly would have en if the military objective with which had set out had really been to pierce the emy's line. But that never was the ob- tive with which we set out. If assurances this point are still necessary after Sir uglas Haig's famous despatch, such as- rances may be given in the most emphatic y possible.

It was known to many people in London July of last year exactly what Sir Douglas ig and General Joffre hoped to achieve the Somme offensive. Their minimum pectations were obtained before the great ttle was half over; their maximum hopes ly fell short of realisation through the den break up of the weather.

If the Germans choose to claim this as a tory they are welcome to any satisfaction y can derive from their optimism. But military leaders on the Allied side at st would like a few more hypothetical vic- ries of the same kind.

To sum up, we have been engaged for nething like two years now on the task of ecting the gradual destruction of the emy's great fighting machine. And the ident hope and belief is that the time w draws very near when that task will be mplished.

The Allied strategy has been marked in its details by some big blunders and errors of judgment. But at least they have kept steadily to one main purpose, turning their faces steadily against the political temptations which constantly present themselves in any great war to stray aside into easy byeways.

Rumours and Speculation.

Everyone who writes on the war at the sent moment finds himself in a certain fficulty. Either he knows too much or he ows too little. In the former case he feels strained to write on any subject but the ose which he knows to be in contempla- n, lest anything he might say should con- a useful hint to the enemy.

Perhaps the lot of the man who knows thing at all is the happier of the two, even he may unwittingly blunder on the th and throw a beam of light on the dark es of the war. Nevertheless, German well as British newspapers are at this ment full of speculation as to what is ng to happen on the Western front in the rse of the next few weeks, and, as is al in such circumstances, the jade Rumour xceedingly busy.

s it happens, the stories which are cur- t are less mischievous than they might be, ause the plans of the belligerents are ssarily dependent on contingencies which n the military leaders in the field can ly foresee at present. It may be as- ed that when the spring offensive opens h sides will strive to get in the first blow, to reap the advantage which the first w invariably confers.

ut we can only guess at the enemy's plans his particular, and there is happily good und for believing that the Germans are ally ignorant of the Allied intentions.

he attempt of the German destroyer lla to scuttle out of Zeebrugge is a little worthy, because in view of the heavy guns mounted on the Belgian Coast it is not quite easy to accept the story that the Germans were afraid of their ships becoming icebound, and so falling a prey to British monitors. But the dash of the German destroyers from Zeebrugge is the only hint we have received yet of what is working at the back of Von Hindenburg's mind.

Through German Glasses.

The uncertainty of the enemy as to what is going to happen is betrayed in an article written by the military correspondent of the Frankfurt Zeitung. This article gives away little or no information, but it quite admirably sums up the outlook as it must present itself to German eyes.

This German expert is of opinion that "the taking over of parts of the French front (on the Somme) by the British Army, which is some 2,000,000 strong, permits the inference that French forces are to be released. These released forces, strengthened by new formations, will presumably take the offensive between the British right wing and the Swiss frontier. But the decision as to where this offensive will militarily be most appropriate we leave to the French General Staff. This French offensive is being prepared by reconnaissances which in some cases are of quite a vigorous kind, and by 'retaining' feelers along our front, while we, for the matter of that, proceed in exactly the same way."

The writer in the Frankfurter Zeitung draws the natural conclusion that the Russians will co-operate with the Allied offensive in the West as soon as the weather permits of the movement of the Russian armies, and his comments on the part which our Eastern Ally is destined to play are also well worth quoting:—

"The situation in the interior of a country," he writes, "has in the world war of to-day become much more important for strategy than it was in the 19th century, and so it may be assumed that the behaviour of the Russian Supreme Command will react upon the general feeling of the country. That, however, by no means signifies a weakening of the war leadership; probably it signifies, on the contrary, a desperate accentuation of the effort for a tangible success. The Russian offensives which made their appearance at the New Year at Riga and in the neighbourhood of Smorgen seem, however, in spite of the employment of large numbers of troops, to be still in the nature of big reconnaissances. At the same time the public is comforted by the promise of a great joint naval offensive with England."

The Heart of the Problem.

This German writer tears the heart out of the problem which confronts the military commanders when he speaks of the "feelers" which are being and will be put out to discover the weak spot in the opposing front, for it is at this weak spot, when it is found, that the really decisive blow will ultimately have to be struck.

It may be some time before it is discovered. It may be expected to develop gradually as offensives directed against other points along the enemy's front compels the Germans to draw reinforcements from sectors which do not appear at the moment to be in any imminent danger.

> For this reason it would be altogether a mistake to expect that any brilliant results will immediately attend the Allied offensive in the spring. Just as was the case on the Somme there may be many weeks of fierce and apparently unproductive fighting before there are any material results to show.

But the confident belief is that before the summer is far advanced a complete break through will be achieved and then at last we shall see the German hordes being rolled back on to their own frontier.

We have heard a great deal in the past about the defensive lines which the Germans have in reserve and which thousands of workmen have been engaged in perfecting during the two and a half years the war has been in progress. But short of the natural defensive line of the Rhine itself we may safely assume that none of these defensive positions are comparable in strength with the present fighting line, which it will be our first business to pierce.

There is, of course, always a possibility that the Germans may decide to take time by the forelock and shorten their lines in the West in view of their weakening reserves of man-power. There is no hint of this at present unless the movement of German destroyers from Zeebrugge may be so construed. But though a shortening of the enemy's lines in the West may not be probable it is just as well to bear in mind that the enemy's morale would be less shaken by a voluntary retirement than it would be by an enforced retreat.

"Victory in 1917."

Even if the best hopes are realised and the enemy should be driven right back on to the line of the Rhine before the campaign of 1917 wears to a close, it does not, of course, follow that immediate peace would ensue.

Mr Lloyd George's speech at the Guildhall in support of the War Loan has been responsible for some misapprehension on this point. But Mr Lloyd George himself has been misunderstood. He spoke of "Victory in 1917" not of "Peace in 1917." That is a distinction with a difference.

We all hope that the coming great offensive will be decisive in a military sense, but there is no certainty that Germany will immediately hold up her hands. She may elect to hold on for another few months, for if her food supplies hold out through the coming summer, the new harvest in the autumn will at least release her from anxiety on the food question, at any rate until the early summer of 1918.

And the Allied peace terms, as laid down in the Note of the United States, though they are not vindictive, are sufficiently stiff to make it certain that the governing classes in Germany will fight on to the very last, in the hope that the financial and economic strain imposed on the Allies may induce them to moderate their demands.

All this, of course, takes no account of the possibility that internal pressure may force the hands of the authorities in Berlin and compel them to capitulate. But this is a contingency on which it is not safe to place any reliance.

The German civilian population, like the German Army itself, is well disciplined, and it is a rather noteworthy fact, to which more than one writer has borne testimony, that as the German people become weakened by reduced food rations, their tendency is to become more amenable rather than less amenable to the dictates of those in authority

HOPEFUL SIGNS—Continued.

FARMER TO PAY £150.

BARMAID'S BREACH OF PROMISE ACTION.

Belfast, Saturday.

A Belfast barmaid named Miss Ellen Mooney has been awarded £150 in an action for breach of promise against a farmer named Robert Simpson, of Coltrim House, County Derry. Her claim was for £500.

The case made out by the lady was that she came from County Meath and went to Moneymore to fill a situation as barmaid. While there she formed an acquaintanceship with Simpson and walked out with him.

Amongst other things he told her that he owned a fifty-acre farm and had three business houses in America. He asked her to marry him, and she consented. A child was born, after which she was disowned by her people. Again he promised to marry her, but failed to do so. The child was still alive. Her present address was 23 Tomb Street, Belfast.

The defendant lived with his mother. She made no inquiries as to the accuracy of Simpson's statement to the effect that he owned a farm and also three business houses in Philadelphia.

Defence Withdrawn.

Mr Babington, who appeared for the defendant, said his client had withdrawn his defence, and added that the question in the case was entirely one of damages.

Mr Hoy, who represented the plaintiff, said the defendant's treatment of the girl had been low and contemptible, and, in his opinion, it was a case for very substantial damages.

Miss Mooney, in reply to a juror, said when defendant first promised to marry her he was twenty-two years of age and she was then twenty-three.

Judge Madden said the plaintiff had undoubtedly been ruined, and the jury were entitled to award her reasonable compensation for the serious injuries which she had sustained. If the defendant was not the owner of the farm he should have turned up in Court and said so. The plaintiff was a respectable girl, and had given her evidence very fairly.

The jury found for the plaintiff, awarding her £150 damages, and judgment was entered for her for that amount, with costs.

AIRDRIE CONSTABLE KILLED IN ACTION.

A private letter received from Salonika from a non-commissioned officer shows that Constable George Cunningham, of the Airdrie Burgh Police, has been killed while on service in the Struma Valley. He was buried in a small cemetery near by. Another Airdrie man, R. T. Brown, was also slightly wounded at the same time.

Constable Cunningham was a native of Prestonpans, and previous to joining the Airdrie Force on 14th April, 1914, he was a member of the Leith Burgh Police. In the course of his duty at the docks there he performed an act of bravery in life-saving, which won for him the award of the medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society.

ADVICE FOR SOLDIERS' WIVES & DEPENDENTS.

Councillor Richard Williamson, the leading authority in Scotland on matters affecting dependents of soldiers and sailors, advises and helps readers of the "Weekly News." See his answers to pension queries in "Weekly News" every week.

THE PIRATES' LAIR—ZEEBRUGGE.

SKIPPER'S EXPERIENCES IN ENEMY'S ADVANCED NAVAL BASE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL")

Zeebrugge is very much in the public eye at the moment as the result of the recent naval action.

The writer of this article relates the experiences of a Dutch skipper whose ship was recently brought into Zeebrugge Harbour for examination.

The devastation wrought by the bombardment of our navy is vividly described, and surprise is expressed that these offensive measures were departed from and have not yet been resumed.

WHEN, in August and September, 1914, the German tide of invasion rolled over Belgium, the Huns entered into possession at Zeebrugge, which they immediately began converting into a naval base. They had already put up repair shops, magazines and torpedo depots, and an aerodrome, besides temporary fortifications, when one day a large fleet of British warships appeared off the coast and opened an intense bombardment at long range. This was continued at intervals for several months, while, in addition, Anglo-French flying squadrons made frequent visits to the harbour and surrounding districts, dropping bombs on every promising target.

Under such conditions the work made slow progress. There is no doubt that the Germans intended originally to set up a small shipbuilding yard at this place for the construction of submarines, patrol boats, &c., besides make extensive use of it as an advanced base for U boats and destroyers. It is also well known that under stress of frequent bombardment from sea and air they had to abandon this plan, and even the U boats had to discontinue the use of a base which at any moment might be shelled or bombed, especially as at least two submarines are known to have been destroyed by bombardment while lying inside the harbour.

Renew the Attacks on Zeebrugge.

For some reason, however, the policy of "shooting up" Zeebrugge was discontinued soon after the late Board of Admiralty came into office, and for many months the Huns were allowed to use the port without molestation.

> Now that fresh vigour has been instilled into the naval administration, it is to be hoped that the former practice of attacking this enemy naval base by every available means will be resumed. It is known on indisputable evidence that all the German torpedo-boats and submarines which are active in the lower area of the North Sea have their headquarters at Zeebrugge.

While on a visit to the United States recently the writer had a conversation with the captain of a Dutch steamer who, in the early part of last October, had been held up in the North Sea by a German submarine, taken into Zeebrugge, and there detained for twenty-four hours. He was, of course, not allowed to land, but in spite of this he saw and heard a good deal of interest by keeping his eyes and his ears open. His experience, as related to the writer, throws further light on what is happening at this advanced base of the German naval forces.

The steamer in question was bound from Rotterdam to a Channel port, and thence to Baltimore, U.S.A. The morning after sailing, when about twelve miles north-east of Zeebrugge, the captain suddenly saw a large submarine emerge from the depths less than 150 yards distant. Two hatches in the submarine flew open, and a crowd of men climbed on deck. There were two guns, one before and the other abaft the conning-tower. Both guns were immediately manned and trained on the steamer, while an officer bellowed through a megaphone the order to heave to.

The Dutch skipper, who knew what scant respect the sea Huns show for the lives and property of neutrals, obeyed immediately. Steam was shut off, but so long as the vessel was under way the submarine maintained its distance, with the guns ominously pointing. Finally the U boat came somewhat closer, and a conversation ensued between the Dutch captain and the Hun commander, who at last ordered the steamer to follow him. They made for Zeebrugge, and when in sight of the harbour the submarine exchanged signals with a tower on shore. At this two armed motor launches dashed out and circled round the steamer, while the submarine turned about and went out to sea.

Piloted by one launch, while the other followed astern, the steamer was brought right inside the harbour. On the mole the captain noticed several quick-firing guns and searchlights. Many other weapons of much heavier calibre are known to be concealed in the sand dunes which fringe the coast, but they are so well hidden as to be invisible from the sea. Before arriving in harbour the captive steamer was boarded by two officers from one of the launches. These took charge of the bridge and brought the vessel to its berth.

Influencing the Neutrals

An armed party of sailors then came on board, the passengers and crew were confined below deck, and every individual was put through a searching examination by several officers, who installed themselves in the captain's cabin. One seaman, who was accused of being a Belgian, and who could produce no evidence to the contrary, was sent ashore, and was not seen again. The remainder of the company were passed, but were warned not to try and set foot ashore, under penalty of being shot. A sentry with fixed bayonet guared the gangway.

While this examination was in progress the ship had been searched, and a few hours later many cases of goods, which the Germans declared to be contraband, were hoisted out and removed to an adjacent warehouse. On the whole the Germans were fairly courteous, but several officials were exceedingly brusque towards the captain. They told him that British mines were teeming in the Channel, and that his chances of getting safely through them were small indeed. The Germans, they declared, never laid mines on the ordinary trade routes, but the accursed British did, and, therefore, whenever disaster happened to a neutral ship it was the British who were to blame.

The Dutch captain ventured to point out the improbability of this, arguing that the British would be fools indeed if they sowed mines indiscriminately in the Channel, crowded as it was with their own shipping.

> But the Germans would not listen. They kept on repeating that every tragedy which had overtaken neutral shipping during the war was the fault of Britain alone. They seemed unable to talk on any other subject than the villainous conduct of Great Britain.

On looking round the harbour, the captain saw many traces of former British bombardments. One large stone warehouse, fronting the harbour, was half in ruins, though it was then being rebuilt. He was told that this building had been struck by two heavy shells from British monitors and set on fire. It was full of goods at the time, all of which were destroyed.

Effect of British Bombardment.

One of the sentries, more talkative than his fellows, gave the captain a vivid narrative of one particularly severe bombardment which had taken place nearly ten months previously. The detachment to which this man belonged had just arrived from Germany, and they were looking forward to a spell of easy duty and comfortable quarters.

"At about five o'clock on the morning after our arrival," he said, "we were awakened by a bugle calling us to arms. We were then quartered in a wooden building near that warehouse (pointing as he spoke). Before we had time to dress we heard heavy firing out at sea, and a minute later the air was full of big shells, which made a terrible roaring noise and burst with a sheet of flame and a crash that stunned everybody. Although it was still almost dark, every shell as it burst lit up the scene wonderfully.

"At first the enemy's gunners aimed too high, most of the projectiles whizzing overhead, to burst a mile or two in the sand behind the town. But they soon found the range, for two of their aeroplanes soared above our postions and signalled to the fleet by flares. One of the first buildings hit was our hut. Half my comrades were in it at the time, about eighteen men. A tremendous high-explosive projectile came through the roof and blew the shed to matchwood. Twelve of the men were killed, but the others escaped unhurt.

"At one time the shells were coming at the rate of five or six a minute, and most of them weighed more than half a ton. Whenever they hit any building, whether it was of wood or stone, it simply went up in a cloud of dust. The cranes and loading gear on the harbour wall were nearly all smashed in this bombardment. I was one of a party who were ordered a shunt a lot of railway trucks from the exposed siding where they stood on to another line, where they could be taken in charge by a locomotive and hauled out of danger. It was through doing this work that we had most of our casualties. A lot of the trucks were hit and destroyed before we could move them, and in the end we got only three away.

"As the light increased we could see the damage more distinctly. Two loaded barges in the canal were sunk, the canal locks were damaged so badly that we could not use them for six weeks, and on every hand the big projectiles were causing death and desolation. We had half a dozen fires going at one time. Our coast defence batteries were now at work, and driving the British away, but before they left they gave us several salvoes from every gun that would bear, big, medium, and little. The noise was something frightful, and the stench from the bursting shells made many of us violently sick as we crouched in our bomb-proof shelters.

"Some of our men who have served in the trenches on the Western front say they would much sooner go back than stay on in this cursed hole of a Zeebrugge, where one gets nothing but fog, hard work, big shells, and seaplane bombs."

Hard to Understand.

Early next day the Dutch captain was told that he could continue his voyage. About one-third of his cargo has been stolen, as he put it, but he knew it was useless to protest. The German officers also "borrowed" a quantity of bottled beer, but forgot to give a receipt for it. The steamer was again piloted out through the minefields by two armed launches, but this time no submarine was in sight.

It was with feelings akin to those of a man who has escaped from a robbers' den that the captain, a few hours later, found himself in the area of the Dover patrol, and, together with many other neutral merchant shipping, was escorted through the danger zone by British destroyers.

> It was his fixed opinion that the earlier bombardments of Zeebrugge had done great damage to the enemy's material and had also unnerved his garrison, and for this reason he found it very hard to understand why the British fleet had ceased to make such attacks.

GRAND STORY ~ ~ "THE SECRET SUBMARINE" ~ ~ STARTS NEXT WEEK.

Mr LYNDON AT LIBERTY.

"At the word 'three' we let go simultaneously."

A Little Family Party.

"BLESS my soul!" Sir George Frinton exclaimed. "Of course, I remember now." He paused. "And do you mean to tell me that you—an escaped convict—were actually aware that you were travelling with the Home Secretary?"

I saw no reason for dimming the glory of the incident.

"You were kind enough to give me one of your cards," I reminded him.

"Why, yes, to be sure; so I did—so I did." Again he paused and gazed at me with a sort of incredulous amazement. "You must have nerves of steel, sir. Most men in such a situation would have been paralysed with terror."

The idea of Sir George paralysing anybody with terror struck me as so delightful that I almost burst out laughing, but by a great effort I just managed to restrain myself.

"As an escaped convict," I said, "one becomes used to rather desperate situations."

Lammersfield, the corner of whose mouth was twitching suspiciously, broke into the conversation.

"It was a remarkable coincidence," he said, "but you see how it confirms Casement's story if any further confirmation were needed."

Sir George nodded. "Yes, yes," he said. "I suppose there can be no doubt about it. The proofs of it all seem beyond question." He turned to me. "Taking everything into consideration, Mr Lyndon, you appear to have acted in a most creditable and patriotic manner. I understand that the moment you discovered the nature of the plot in which you were involved you placed yourself entirely at the disposal of the Secret Service. That is right, Mr Latimer, is it not?"

Latimer stepped forward. "If Mr Lyndon had chosen to do it, sir," he said, "he could have sold his invention to Germany and escaped with the money. At that time he had no proof to offer that he had been wrongly convicted. Rather than betray his country, however, he was prepared to return to prison and serve out his sentence."

As an accurate description of my attitude in the matter it certainly left something to be desired, but it seemed to have a highly satisfactory effect upon Sir George. He took a step towards me, and gravely and rather pompously shook me by the hand.

"Sir," he said, "permit me to congratulate you both on your conduct and on the dramatic establishment of your innocence. It will be my pleasant duty as Home Secretary to see that every possible reparation is made to you for the great injustice that you have suffered."

Lammersfield, who had gone back to his seat at the table, again interrupted.

"You agree with me, don't you, Frinton, that, pending any steps you and the Prime Minister choose to take in the matter, Mr Lyndon may consider himself a free man?"

Sir George seemed a trifle embarrassed. "Well—er—to a certain extent, most decidedly. I have informed Scotland Yard that he has voluntarily surrendered himself to the Secret Service, so there will be no further attempt to carry out the arrest. I—I presume that Mr Casement and Mr Latimer will be officially responsible for him?"

The former gave a reassuring nod. "Certainly, Sir George," he observed.

"I am entirely in your hands, sir," I put in. "There are one or two little things I wanted to do, but if you prefer that I should consider myself under arrest——"

"No, no, Mr Lyndon," he interrupted; "there is no necessity for that—no necessity at all. Strictly speaking, of course, you are still a prisoner, but for the present it will perhaps be best to avoid any formal proceedings. I understand that both Lord Lammersfield and Mr Casement consider it advisable to keep the whole matter as quiet as possible, at all events until the return of the Prime Minister. After that we must decide what steps it will be best to take."

"I am very much obliged to you," I said. "There is one question I should like to ask if I may."

He took off his spectacles and polished them with his pocket-handkerchief. "Well?" he observed encouragingly.

"I should like to know whether Savaroff's daughter is in custody—the girl who gave the police their information about me."

"Ah!" he said, with some satisfaction, "that is a point on which you all appear to have been misled. I have just enlightened Mr Casement in the matter. The information on which the police acted was not supplied by a girl." He paused. "It was given them by your cousin and late partner, Mr George Marwood."

"What!" I almost shouted; and I heard Tommy indulge in a half-smothered exclamation which was not at all suited to our distinguished company.

Sir George, who was evidently pleased with our surprise, nodded his head.

"Mr Marwood rang up Scotland Yard at half-past ten last night. He told them he had received an anonymous letter giving two addresses, at one of which you would probably be found. He also gave a full description of the alterations in your appearance."

I turned to Latimer. "I suppose it was Sonia," I said. "I never dreamed of her going to him, though."

"It was very natural," he replied in that unconcerned drawl of his. "She knew that your cousin would do everything possible to get you under lock and key again, and at the same time she imagined she would avoid the risk of being arrested herself."

"Quite so, quite so," said Sir George, nodding his head sagely. "From all I can gather she seems to be a most dangerous young woman. I shall make a particular point of seeing that she is arrested."

His words came home to me with a sudden, swift stab of pity and remorse. It was horrible to think of Sonia in jail—Sonia eating out her wild passionate heart in the hideous slavery I knew so well. The thought of all that she had risked and suffered for my sake crowded back into my mind with overwhelming force. I took a step forward.

"Sir George," I said, "a moment ago you were good enough to say that the Government would try and make me some return for the injustice I have suffered."

He looked at me in obvious surprise. "Certainly," he said; "certainly. I am convinced that they will take the most generous view of the circumstances."

"There is only one thing I ask," I said. "Except for this girl, Sonia Savaroff, the Germans would now be in possession of my invention. If the Government feel that they owe me anything they can cancel the debt altogether by allowing her to go free."

Sir George raised his eyeglass. "You ask this after she did her best to send you back to penal servitude?"

I nodded. "I am not sure," I said, "that I didn't thoroughly deserve it."

For a moment Sir George stared at me in a puzzled sort of fashion. "Very well," he said, "I think it might be arranged. As you say, she was of considerable assistance to us, even if it was unintentionally. That is a point in her favour—a distinct point."

"How about our friend Mr Marwood?" put in Lammersfield pleasantly. "Between perjury and selling Government secrets I suppose we have enough evidence to justify his arrest?"

"I think so," said Sir George, nodding his head solemnly. "Anyhow, I have given instructions for it. In a case like this it is best to be on the safe side."

My heart sank at his words. Charming as it was to think of George in the affectionate clutch of a policeman, I could almost have wept at the idea of being robbed of my own little interview with him, to which I had been looking forward for so long. It was Lammersfield who broke in on my disappointment.

"I should imagine," he said considerately, "that you two, as well as Latimer, must be half-starving. I suppose you have had nothing to eat since breakfast."

Tommy rose to his feet with an alacrity that answered the question so far as he was concerned, and I acknowledged that a brief interval for refreshment would be by no means unwelcome.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't spare Latimer just yet," he said, "but you two go off and have a good lunch. Come back here again as soon as you've done. I will ring up the War Office and the Admiralty while you are away, and we will arrange for a couple of their men to meet us here, and then you can explain about your new explosive. I fancy you will find them quite an appreciative audience."

He pressed a bell by his side, and, getting up from the table, accompanied us to the door, where I stopped for a moment to try and express my thanks both to him and Sir George.

"My dear Mr Lyndon," he interrupted courteously, "you have been in prison for three years for a crime that you didn't commit, and in return for that you have done Britain a service that it is almost impossible to overrate. Under the circumstances even a Cabinet Minister may be excused a little common civility."

As he spoke there came a knock at the door, and in answer to his summons the impassive butler person appeared on the threshold.

"Show these gentlemen out, Simpson," he said, "and let me know directly they return." Then, shaking my hand in a friendly fashion, he added with a quizzical smile, "If you should happen to come across any mutual acquaintance of ours, perhaps you will be kind enough to convey my unofficial congratulations. I hope before long to have the privilege of offering them personally."

I promised to deliver his message, and, following our guide downstairs, we passed out into the street.

"I like that chap," said Tommy. "He's got no silly side about him. Joyce always said he was a good sort."

He stopped on the pavement, and with his usual serene disregard for the respectabilities proceeded to fill and light a huge briar pipe.

"What's the programme now?" he inquired. "I'm just dying for some grub."

"We'll get a taxi and run down to the flat and pick up Joyce," I said. "Then we'll come back to the Café Royal and have the best lunch that's ever been eaten in London."

Tommy indulged in one of his deep chuckles.

"If anyone's expecting me in Downing Street before six o'clock," he observed, "I rather think he's backed a loser."

It was not until we were in a taxi and speeding rapidly past the House of Commons that I broached the painful subject of George.

"I don't know what to do," I said. "If he's at his house he has been arrested by now, and if he isn't the police will probably find him before I shall. It will break my heart if I don't get hold of him for five minutes."

Tommy grunted sympathetically. "It's just on the cards," he said, "that Joyce might know where he is."

Faint as the chance seemed, it was sufficient to cheer me up a little, and for the rest of the drive we discussed the important question of what we should have for lunch. After a week of sardines and tinned tongue I found it a most inspiring topic.

As we reached the Chelsea Embankment a happy idea presented itself to me. "I tell you what, Tommy," I said, "we won't go and knock at Joyce's flat. Let's slip round at the back, as we did before, and take her by surprise."

"Right you are," he said. "She's probably left the studio door open; she generally does on a hot afternoon like this."

The taxi drew up at Florence Court, and, telling the driver to wait for us, we walked down the passage and turned into Tommy's flat. There were several letters for him lying on the floor inside, and while he stopped to pick them up, I passed on through the studio and out into the little glass-covered corridor at the back.

It was quite a short way along to Joyce's studio, and from where I was I could see that her door was slightly ajar. I stepped quietly, so as not to make any noise, and I had covered perhaps half the distance when suddenly I pulled up in my tracks as if I had been turned into stone. For a moment I stood there without moving or even breathing. A couple of yards away on the other side of the door I could hear two people talking. One of them was Joyce; the other—the other—well, if I had been lying half-conscious on my deathbed I think I should have recognised that voice!

There was a sound behind me, and, whipping noiselessly round, I was just in time to signal to Tommy that he must keep absolutely quiet. Then with my heart beating like a drum I crept stealthily forward until I was within a few inches of the open door. I was shaking all over with a delight that I could hardly control.

". . . you quite understand." (I could hear every word George was saying as plainly as if I were in the room.) "I only have to ring up the police, and in half an hour he'll be back again in prison—back for the rest of his life. He won't escape a second time—you can be sure of that."

"Well?"

The single word came clear and distinct, but it would be difficult to describe the scorn which Joyce managed to pack into it. It had some effect on George.

"You have just got to do what I want—that's all," he exclaimed angrily. "I leave England to-night, and unless you come with me I shall go straight from here and ring up Scotland Yard. You can make your choice now. You either come down to Southampton with me this evening, or Lyndon goes back to Dartmoor to-morrow."

"Then you were lying when you said you were anxious to help him?"

With a mighty effort George apparently regained some control over his tongue.

"No, I wasn't, Joyce," he said. "God knows I'm sorry for the poor devil—I always have been; but there's nothing in the world that matters to me now except you. I—I lost my temper when you said you wouldn't come. You didn't mean it, did you? Lyndon can never be anything to you; he is dead to all of us. At the best he can only be a skulking convict hiding from the police in South America or somewhere. You come with me; you shall never be sorry for it. I've plenty of money, Joyce; and I'll give you the best time a woman ever had."

"And if I refuse?" asked Joyce quietly.

It was evident from the sound that George had taken a step towards her.

"Then Lyndon will go back to Dartmoor and stop there till he rots and dies."

There was a short pause, and then very clearly and deliberately Joyce gave her answer.

"I think you are the foulest man in the world," she said. "It makes me sick to be in the same room with you."

The gasp of fury and astonishment that broke from George's lips fell on my ears like music. He was so choking with rage that for a moment he could hardly speak.

"Damn you!" he stuttered at last. "So that's your real opinion, is it? That's what you've been thinking all along. Trying to use me to help that precious convict lover of yours—eh?"

I heard him come another step nearer.

"I'll make you pay for this, anyhow," he snarled. "Sick at being in the same room with me, are you? Then by God I'll give you some reason——"

With a swift jerk I flung open the door and stepped in over the threshold.

"Not this time, George, dear," I said.

If the devil himself had shot up through the floor in a crackle of blue flame, I don't think it could have had a more striking effect on my late partner. With his mouth open and his face the colour of freshly mixed putty, he stood perfectly still in the centre of the room, gazing at me like a man in a trance. For a second—a whole beautiful rich second—he remained in this engaging attitude; then, as if struck by an electric shock, he suddenly spun round with the obvious intention of making a dart for the door.

The idea was distinctly a sound one, but it was too late to be of any practical value. Directly he moved I stepped in, and catching him a smashing box on the ear with my right hand sent him sprawling full length on the carpet. Joyce laughed gaily, while lounging across the room Tommy set his back against the door and beamed cheerfully on the three of us.

"Quite a little family party," he observed.

Joyce was in my arms, and we were kissing each other in the most shameless and unabashed way.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I hope you haven't hurt your hand."

"It stung a bit," I admitted, "but I've got another one—and two feet." I put her gently aside. "Get up, George," I said.

He lay where he was, pretending to be unconscious.

"If you don't get up at once, George," I said softly, "I shall kick you—hard."

He scrambled to his feet, and then crouched back against the wall eyeing me like a trapped weasel.

I indulged myself in a good heart-filling look at him.

"So you've been sorry for me, George?" I said. "All these three long weary years that I've been rotting in Dartmoor, you've been really and truly sorry for me?"

He licked his lips and nodded.

I laughed. "Well, I'm sorry for you now, George," I said—"damned sorry."

If anything, the putty-like pallor of his face became still more ghastly.

"Don't do anything violent, Neil," he whispered. "You'll only regret it. I swear to you——"

"I shouldn't swear," I said. "You don't want to die with a lie on your lips."

The sweat broke out on his forehead, and he glanced desperately round the room, as though seeking for some possible method of escape. The only comfort he got was a shake of the head from Tommy.

"You—you don't mean to murder me?" he gasped.

I gave a fiendish laugh. "Don't I!" I cried. "What's one murder more or less? I know you've put the police on to me, and I'd sooner be hanged than go back to Dartmoor any day."

Tommy rubbed his hands together ghoulishly. "What are we going to do with him?" he asked. "Cut his throat?"

"No," I said. "It would make a mess, and we don't want to spoil Joyce's carpet."

"Oh, it doesn't matter about the carpet," said Joyce unselfishly.

"I've got it," said Tommy. "Why not throw him in the river? The tide's up; I noticed it as we came along."

Whether he intended the suggestion seriously or not I don't know, but I rose to it like a trout to a fly. There are seldom more than two feet of water at high tide at that particular part of the Embankment, and the thought of dropping George into its turbid embrace filled me with the utmost enthusiasm.

"By Jove, Tommy!" I exclaimed. "That's a brilliant idea. The Thames water's about the only thing he wouldn't defile."

I stepped forward, and before George knew what was happening I had swung him round and clutched him by the collar and breeches.

"Open the door," I said, "and just see there's no one in the passage."

With a deep chuckle Tommy turned to obey, while Joyce laughed with a viciousness that I should never have given her credit for. As for George—well, I suppose in his blind terror he really thought he was going to be drowned, for he kicked and struggled and raved till it was as much as I could do to hold him.

"All clear!" sang out Tommy from the hall.

"Stand by, then," I said, and taking a deep breath I ran George through the flat down the passage, and out into the street, in a style that would have done credit to the chucker out at the Empire.

There were not many people about, and those that were there had no time to interfere even if they had wanted to do so. I just got a glimpse of the startled face of our taxi driver as he jumped aside to let us pass, and the next moment we had crossed the road and fetched up with a bang against the low embankment wall.

I paused for a moment, renewed my grip on George's collar, and took a quick look round. Tommy was beside me, and a few yards away, down at the bottom of some steps, I saw a number of small boys paddling in the water. There was evidently no risk of anybody being drowned.

"I'll take his feet," said Tommy, suiting the action to the word. "You get hold of his arms."

There was a brief struggle, a loud scream for help, and the next moment George was swinging merrily between us.

"One! Two! Three!" I cried.

At the word "three" we let go simultaneously. He flew up into the air like a great wriggling crab, twisted round twice, and then went down into the muddy water with a splash that echoed all over the Embankment.

"Very nice," said Tommy critically. "But we ought to have put a stone round his neck."

One glance over the wall showed me that there was no danger. Dripping, floundering, and gasping for breath, George emerged from the surface like a frock-coated Neptune rising from the waves. He seemed to be trying to speak, but the shrieks of innocent delight with which his reappearance was greeted by the paddling boys unfortunately prevented us from hearing him.

I thrust my arm through Tommy's. "Come along," I said. "We must get out of this before there's a row."

Swift as we had been about it, our little operation had already attracted a certain amount of notice. People were hurrying up from all directions, but without paying any attention to them, we walked back towards the taxi, the driver of which had apparently been too astonished to move.

"Gor blimey, Guv'nor," he ejaculated, "what sorter game d'you call that?"

"It's all right, driver," said Tommy gravely. "We found him insulting this gentleman's sister."

The driver, who evidently had a nice sense of chivalry, at once came round to our side.

"Was 'e?—the dirty 'ound!" he observed. "Well, you done it on 'im proper. You ain't drowned 'im, 'ave ye, gents?"

"Oh, no," I said. "He's addressing a few words to the crowd now." Then seeing Joyce standing in the doorway I hurried up the steps.

"Joyce, dear," I said, "put on a hat and come as quick as you can. It's quite all right, but we want to get out of this before there's any bother."

You will find the conclusion of this story in next week's paper, and also the opening chapters of "The Secret Submarine," by Ridgwell Cullum—a remarkable story which shows how the submarine menace can be met.

TO SHORT STORY WRITERS.

We want FRESH, ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES between 3000 and 3500 Words in Length, suitable for Popular Weeklies. Every effort will be made to give prompt decision. Address—STORY EDITOR, Messrs D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., Albert Square, Dundee.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE. Used by Doctors and the Public in all parts of the World for upwards of 60 years.

Dr J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Best Remedy Known for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE." Of all chemists. 1/3, 2/-, 5/-

'Camp'—the never-be-without-it Coffee

Its superb flavour, its handiness, its economy, make 'Camp' a fast favourite in every house it enters.

You cannot get better coffee at any price. You can make it perfectly in a few seconds.

Give 'Camp' a trial to-day. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get 'CAMP.'

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

PERSONAL GOSSIP FROM THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS

...d Barnes has been doing some film ...

...ero is Mike S. Whallen these days? ...a long time since we have heard his ... patter and cheery, impromptu verses.

"The Bing Boys Are Here" is announced ...e at the Glasgow King's Theatre the ... following this. Let's hope they are ...od" boys.

...though a very high standard was set by ...gh Jinks," which ran for a month at ... King's, "Oh! Cæsar" fills the bill as a ...thy successor.

...sgow people who were quite aware of ... dancing capabilities of Dorma Leigh ... no doubt surprised at the versatility ...his charming actress in "Oh, Cæsar," ...e King's.

...sgow Pavilion habitues are wondering ... new song Florrie Forde will have for ... when she appears in "Robinson ...oe" this week. Florrie generally con... to give us something to whistle in ...spare time.

...ntomime still runs riot in Glasgow. ...e are no signs of "Sinbad" or ...mmy Trotter" going stale, and this ... other two are to be on the boards—...binson Crusoe," with Florrie Forde in ...t the Pavilion, and "Cinderella" at the ...eum.

...O TAKE PART IN BIG MUSICAL COMEDY.

...mongst the artistes in "Cinderella" at ...King's, Edinburgh, this year no one has ...me a bigger favourite with the public ... Susie Thomson, the clever little girlie ... does the "Jingle Johnnie" song and ...e. Susie is only 13, but she is giving ...t promise as an artiste, and this has ... recognised by the keen eye of the ...ager on the outlook for talent. I ex... that the next time we see Susie in the ...al it will be in one of the big musical ...edy productions. I hear negotiations ... this are afoot. Susie is an Edinburgh ...e who took to dancing as a hobby two ...s ago, and she has made remarkable ...gress.

I notice that Pimple, the film comedian, is appearing at some of the London halls.

Mauritus, the handcuff king (Pte. John Walsh) is on active service in France, and he is in the company of a great number of professionals.

It is possible that the talented artiste, Sophie Forrest, may soon appear in a big picture to be produced shortly.

Lucille Banstead, a favourite vocalist, who always has good receptions in Scotland, is an expert horsewoman

(1) RAY KAY AND BETTY BUSH IN "EXTRA SPECIAL" AT THE GLASGOW EMPIRE; (2) DAN ROLYAT IN "SHE'S A DAISY" AT THE KING'S, DUNDEE; (3) FLORRIE RAMSAY IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE GLASGOW COLISEUM; (4) SUSIE THOMSON IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE KING'S, EDINBURGH; (5) HONOR CORNALL IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT" AT THE GLASGOW ALHAMBRA.

Some time ago I heard that William Spray was booked for a part in a new musical comedy, "Theodore & Co.," but apparently he is too valuable an asset to "To-Night's the Night," for he is still the inimitable Lovitt-Lovitt's nephew. There are some who liken Spray to Jamie Welch, and when you think of it there is a resemblance in styles.

It is interesting to note that Charpentier, whose opera "Louise" is to be produced in Edinburgh shortly, is not only a musician, but also a philosopher and poet. The characters which he portrays in "Louise" are drawn with life-like accuracy from among the working girls of Paris, and he has presented a touching picture of humanity as it is to be met in the side streets of the French capital.

The Ten Tommies who are coming from Aberdeen to the Dundee Palace are all recently-discharged soldiers who have seen a great deal of fighting. I understand that one of them has lost his leg, but he is able to dance with marked agility. One of the most touching items given is a recitation contributed by Private Bert Shaw, who tells what happened at the front to his pal Bill.

SPELL HIS NAME BACKWARDS.

Spell Dan Rolyat's stage surname backwards and you will get his real name. It is Taylor. Dan comes to the King's, Dundee, in the revue "She's a Daisy," in which I hear he has a part full of fun, which, of course, suits him down to the ground. Mr Rolyat adopted the stage from advice by the late Dan Leno. Of course this famous comedian has a great connection with "The Arcadians," and it will be remembered that some seasons ago as a result of a fall from a horse in the racing scene he was prostrated for many months, and it looked as if his career on the stage was finished. Dan's cheery nature helped to bring him through, and he is still going as merrily as ever.

It is not generally known that Mazur, the funny male partner of Mazur and Mazette, is an Arab. A long period in the States makes him more American than anything else. This couple combine a very clever acrobatic show with a lot of genuine comedy.

Those who have not seen the slim American Ray Kay in his "Fun in a Music Shop" sketch will have a further opportunity of seeing this extremely funny comedian in the revue, "Extra Special," which is to be at the Empire, Glasgow.

One of the most dramatic and tense scenes ever presented on the stage is witnessed in the powerful drama, "Her Love Against the World," which is visiting Her Majesty's, Dundee, this week. The piece was written by the author of "The Story of the Rosary" and "The Prince and the Beggar Maid." It deals with soldier life in an imaginary Balkan State, and, as usual, a very pathetic love story is unfolded. The scene referred to is one in which a character is condemned to be shot, and his life depends upon the dropping of a handkerchief—and the handkerchief drops. All the same, something very unexpected happens.

J. H. Wakefield tells me that he has something unique in the way of a humorous "political" stunt which he will include in his patter at the King's, Dundee, this week. Novelty is introduced by reason of the fact that members of the audience are given an opportunity of joining in. Mr Wakefield has just evolved the idea, and he worked it with great success amongst some wounded soldiers whom he entertained during the week.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES IN STORE FOR EDINBURGH.

I hear that three distinct novelties for opera lovers in Edinburgh will be comprised in the repertoire of 16 productions which Sir Thomas Beecham will give in March in the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. These are a revival of Puccini's favourite, "A Girl of the Golden West," "Boris Goudonov," a representative example of the modern Russian school, and Charpentier's "Louise." I am not sure but that Edinburgh audiences have seen "Louise" by the Quinlan company. At least that combination did it in Glasgow.

The popular side of opera is not being overlooked by Sir Thomas in his selection. The list contains such time-honoured favourites as "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Othello," "Faust," "The Magic Flute," "Cavalleria," and "Pagliacci." Wagner is represented by "Tristan," while "Il Seraglio," "La Bohème," and "Madame Butterfly" are also in the little lot, as well as "Samson and Delilah" and "Pelleas and Melisande." To do justice to the orchestral side of the operatic performances, the only ones Beecham is to give in Scotland this season, he is bringing with him alone an orchestra of 55 performers, and altogether a company of 200, which will be augmented by local talent.

OTHER BIG FEATURES THIS WEEK—
The first of a new set of Lovely Sentiment Cards Presented Free.
The start of an amazing Series of Revelations:
THE SECRETS OF KRUPP'S.

Begins in This Week's
RED LETTER
OUT ON WEDNESDAY. Price 1d.

What life is like on a Torpedo Destroyer

THE spirit of high adventure is always associated with the torpedo destroyers, as has again been evidenced by the brilliant exploit of the British flotilla against the Huns off the Danish coast.

Although the destroyers are often described as the "errand boys" of the fleet, because they carry the mails and provisions to the dreadnoughts and big cruisers, yet they are ever ready to participate in a dashing exploit, whether it be in the way of exploring mined harbours, tempting forts to disclose their hiding-places, or luring timorous and unwary cruisers to their destruction.

Every destroyer forms one unit of a vast screen that is the feeler of the battle squadron. Whether attacked or not the screen flotilla must remain out of sight and range of the battleships, and all the time their crews must strain their eyes in the darkness to watch for the enemy squadron.

Often it appears more like black patches on the sea as black as night. The success of a torpedo boat destroyers' attack depends greatly on their taking the enemy by surprise. Thus they lie just below the cruiser's horizon all day, out of sight themselves, by reason of their smaller size. Then at nightfall they come as close as they dare, and a well-aimed torpedo sends an enemy cruiser to its doom. Often destroyers are told off to patrol a certain stretch of the sea on the look out for enemy submarines.

The destroyer then steams over the waters until it spots a suspicious-looking periscope. Then while her guns use some silent but effective persuasion, the captain orders the surrender of the enemy, and the captured submarine is towed into port.

It is these hunting destroyers whom we have to thank for reducing the German submarine blockade to a minimum.

In the modern boats the officers' quarters have a certain amount of comfort, as more space has been saved by the modern engines and by the use of oil fuel as motive power instead of coal as formerly. The seamen's mess is more compact; it is living-room and sleeping room all in one, yet you see no bunks or even hammocks. The men turn in in sleeping-bags, and every square inch of floor space is taken into account. In the centre is a fair-sized dining-table, and round the sides are kit lockers.

In the engine-room everything suggests fervid activity. The speed of some of these destroyers reaches 45 miles an hour, and 35 miles is quite usual. They race up and down the coast full speed ahead, even through a fog, cutting the waves in two, so that their prow seems buried in the foam. The captain of a destroyer is a right jolly sea dog, and the best possible company in the wardroom. In fact discipline on the destroyer is different altogether from the cast-iron stringency of the battleship.

Tremendous risks are run by the men of a destroyer, and yet, except for the submarine service, no branch of the navy is so popular.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
The Bedford Syndicate present an Entirely New Revue
"EXTRA SPECIAL."
Cast includes—
RAY KAY,
Albert Rees, Mamie Watson, John M'Mahon, &c., &c.
Strong Variety Programme.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
Phone 3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
HARRY M'KELVIE PRESENTS THE GRAND CHILDREN'S FAIRY PANTOMIME,
"CINDERELLA."
ALL-STAR CAST.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central, 1501.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 29th, 30th, 31st Jan.
MARY PICKFORD in
"TESSIBEL OF THE STORM COUNTRY."
Famous Players Production.
"SHE WANTED A FORD."
L-Ko Comedy
THURS., FRI., SAT., 1st, 2d, 3d Feb.
ELLA HALL in
"AMBROSIA,"
Blue Bird Production.
COMING MONDAY, 5th February—
THE BATTLE OF ANCRE
And
"THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS."

SUNDAY RESOLUTIONS!
(The Better the Day the Better the Thought).
TO-MORROW (MONDAY) to VISIT
THE THEATRE DE LUXE,
West End Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW,
Where all that is LATEST and BEST in the World of PICTURES is Shown.
TO-DAY at 2 o'clock—Gaboriau's Masterpiece,
MONSIEUR LEWY
AND VERY FULL PROGRAMME.
The Cafe De Luxe Open to the Public.

GLASGOW'S SUPER CINEMA.
THE NEW SAVOY.
CONTINUOUS from 1 to 10.30.
MON., TUES., WED., 29th, 30th, 31st Jan.
"THE MAGIC SKIN."
Five Reel Edison Drama
Supported by Enormous Programme.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 1st, 2d, 3d Feb.
ANITA STEWART in
"THE DARING OF DIANA,"
And Full Programme.
Grand Circle and Box Seats can be Booked at 2s 2d and 2s 8d respectively (including Tax).
COMING FEBRUARY 5th—
THE ADVANCE OF THE TANKS.

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
NIGHTLY, at
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.
HOWARD & WYNDHAM'S
THIRTIETH "ROYAL" PANTOMIME
SINBAD THE SAILOR,
ALL-STAR CAST, including
LITTLE TICH.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, Jan. 29th, for Six Nights Only.
THE J. H. SAVILE COMPANY.
Special Engagement of Mr Norman Partridge, the Popular London Actor, as "The Last of the Strathmores" in Walter Howard's Romantic Drama,
HER LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—At 6.45 and 8.45.
MONDAY, January 29th, 1917,
HARRY BURNS Presents
"SHE'S A DAISY,"
A Whirlwind of Mirth and Music.
ALL STAR COMPANY includes
DAN ROLYAT,
The Famous Comedian, from the Shaftesbury Theatre,
CHEVALIER & LE NOIR,
AND SELECT BUNCH OF DAISIES,
J. H. WAKEFIELD,
From "Boy Blue" Pantomime.
Booking, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA.
'PHONE 384 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, 29th, 30th, 31st Jan.
DAISY BURRELL in
"JUST A GIRL"
(By CHARLES GARVICE).
Also
No. 43 Salonika War Topical—
"AN OBSERVATION BALLOON IN FLIGHT."
Dr Dorsey Series—"SOUTH INDIA—PART 3."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, 1st, 2d, 3d Feb.
"A CHILD OF DESTINY,"
Featuring "IRENE FENWICK"
(Metro Wonder Play).
Dr Dorsey Series—"CEYLON—PART 3."
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 2.30 to 10.15.
7d and 1s 2d. Boxes, 5s 8d and 8s 4d.
NOTE.—The "TANKS" Film will be Shown at LA SCALA on February 19th, that being the Official release date for Dundee.

ELECTRIC THEATRE,
NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Manager, ... T. PENNYCOOK.
CONTINUOUS—2.30 to 10.30.
SHOWING MON., TUES., and WED., Jan. 29th, 30th, 31st.
"THE COUNTRY PARSON,"
A Heart Touching Story, in 4 Reels.
SHOWING THURS., FRI., and SAT., Feb. 1st, 2d, and 3d.
Miss JACKIE SAUNDERS in
"ROSE OF THE ALLEY,"
A Striking Balboa Production, in 4 Reels.
SHOWING 29th Feb., for 3 Days Only—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," Featuring "Matheson Lang" as "Shylock."

PALACE PLAYHOUSE,
DUNDEE.
7—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
Seats Booked at Theatre from 6 to 6.30-10.
'Phone 2128.
THIS WEEK—
THE TEN TOMMIES.
Men who have Fought and been Wounded in France, Flanders, Salonika, Egypt, and Gallipoli, in the Most Novel Scena Yet Produced,
"SING, BOYS, SING."
Scene—Y.M.C.A. Hut.
THE PALACESCOPE.
FRED ELTAU,
Entertainer, at the Piano.
Welcome Return Visit of
CONWAY & LELAND,
The Big Recruit.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 6-10.30.
MON., TUES., and WED.
"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY,"
Turner Film, featuring HILDA TREVELYAN.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
Essanay Gold Medal Feature,
"CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES,"
With RICHARD C. TRAVERS in the Title Role.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WAR LOAN.

SMALL INVESTMENTS NECESSSARY FOR REAL SUCCESS.

New money is rolling into the War Loan steadily, but there are many sources yet to be tapped.

* * *

The duty rests upon every individual to invest immediately all present cash resources in the new War Loan, and to estimate further available resources for the next few months, and to anticipate those resources by borrowing from the banker.

The smallest investor, too, should clearly understand that even if he has not a banking account, it is only necessary for him to obtain a respectable introduction to a banker to ensure his receiving expert advice, and also assistance, in the matter of his applications.

* * *

Many people have been assailed by the fear that if they put their money into the Loan it would be tied up, so that they would be unable to get the use of it when they required it for business or domestic purposes. Any fear that exists on this score is quite groundless. After next month it will be possible for the investor to sell the whole or any part of his share in the Loan with about as little delay as it would take to withdraw money from the Post Office Savings Bank.

Then the lender need not fear when he sells on the Stock Exchange that he will not get as much as he gave for it, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has arranged to keep the market value of the Loan at not less than the price at which it was issued.

* * *

The Loan can be a real success only if the "small man" helps it with his best endeavours of thrift and investment.

The opportunities which the banks offer for this are remarkable and without precedent, since they enable their customers to put at the Treasury's disposal both their present accumulations and their future savings.

How this is done is explained lucidly by Sir Felix Schuster, the eminent financier. "If a man," he says, "has a weekly income of £1 a week more than he had before the war—and that is a very moderate estimate in regard to a large proportion of the wage-earners—it may be assumed that he has probably £5 or £10 put away.

"Well, that man can go to the bank and say, 'I will have £50 in the new War Loan. Here is £5 on account. I am engaged at such a place, and I am going to pay £1 weekly till the end of the year.'

"At the end of the year that man will find himself what he never was before—a capitalist. He has £50 invested, and has appetite will grow by what it feeds on, and he will begin to realise how he may now put something by for his family."

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

REALISATIONS FOR WAR LOAN THE ONLY BUSINESS.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE "POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

THE past week has probably created a record on the Stock Exchange in the way of idleness, practically the only business transacted having been realisations for the purpose of reinvesting in new War Loan.

The offer of 3s 4d per cent. interest on subscriptions to the War Loan, if sent in before the 31st inst., has given a considerable stimulus to subscriptions, and it is believed that after this date the chief disturbance caused to the existing markets by the War Loan will have been removed.

The jobbers have been doing their best to discourage sales by marking down quotations on the least pretext, and there is no doubt that the prevailing level of prices in most departments is unduly low, even having regard to present abnormal conditions.

THE CASE OF CONSOLS.

Take the case of Consols, otherwise known as the premier security of the world. The pre-war quotation was 72¼, but under the stress of competition from higher-yielding securities created as a result of the war the price has come down with a run. This week the fall has been further accentuated by realisations for the purpose of going into War Loan, and, as a consequence, the quotation fell on Friday to 51¼—a low record for about a century; while the present quotation is around 52, thus offering a yield of over 4½ per cent. per annum.

There may be a further decline before the War Loan lists are closed, but there can be no two opinions about the fact that Consols at their present level now present attractions, both from the point of view of present yield and of future prospects of capital appreciation, especially after the war, which it will be found to equal in any other security of a similar status.

HOME RAILS AND THEIR DIVIDENDS.

The first batch of Home Railway dividends, viz., those of the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Great Central, have now made their appearance, and, in accordance with anticipations, are at the same rates as those of a year ago. Presuming that the remaining dividends will also be the case, Home Rails will be well worthy of attention of investors after the War Loan issue.

Such a favourite and moderately-priced stock as, for instance, Great Northern Deferred, at 38 cum dividend, or 35½ ex the annual distribution of 2½ per cent., now offers over 7 per cent. per annum; and a similar yield is obtainable on Midland Deferred and other leading Stocks. Underground Electric Six Per Cent. Income Bonds, at 90, and on which the dividends are paid free of tax, are also well worth attention.

RUBBERS CHANGE AND CHOP ABOUT.

The Rubber market has been changing and chopping about a good deal of late, although the underlying conditions are not at all unsatisfactory, confidence in the outlook for the commodity being well maintained. What has caused a good deal of unsettlement have been the revelations in the United Serdang report as regards the effects of the Excess Profits Duty upon profits. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that the sum involved, viz., £134,000, is for the duty for the three years up to August 31, 1916. In other respects, the report shows satisfactory progress, and, although at one time the shares fell to 10s 9d, they have subsequently been absorbed by investors, buying for capital appreciation in the future.

The same considerations apply to other comparatively young Plantation Companies in a similar position to the United Serdang. The Garing (Malacca) has made good progress since its reconstruction, and there are now good prospects of the indebtedness to the Preference shareholders being wiped off at the end of the year. The Glen Bervie has substantially increased its distribution, to 15 per cent., free of tax, but at about 2½ the shares are pretty fully valued as a Rubber holding.

OIL MARKET OCCASIONALLY AT A STANDSTILL.

The Oil market has occasionally been at a standstill, owing to the dearth of business. A firm tone has, however, prevailed, with Shell Transports better supported up to 5¼, on the favourable figures of the production for the past year.

Roumanian Consols have now settled down around 8s 6d, awaiting further developments in Roumania. Kern Rivers have met with renewed attention, at 6s and upwards, on the new advantageous contract. Trinidad descriptions have given rise to a fair amount of business, especially Trinidad Leaseholds, although movements have been of a somewhat irregular character.

A development of interest has been the raising of the Russian Government maximum price for crude oil at Baku to 55 copecks per pood, but even this is not commensurate with the great rise in the cost of productions, and, consequently, the shares of the Russian Oil Companies have hardly been influenced thereby.

KAFFIRS PARTLY EASIER ON JOHANNESBURG SHAKE-OUT.

Every now and then a shake-out occurs in Johannesburg, but in the present case it is not likely to last long, as during the next fortnight a number of Kaffirs dividends will be released, which will probably be reinvested in the same shares. At all events the Far-Eastern shares are likely to rally again sharply, while Government Mining Areas, for which Mr S. B. Joel has obtained better terms, have experienced an advance.

RHODESIANS QUIET—DIAMONDS FIRM.

Amongst Rhodesians, Chartered shares remain steady, while the rest of this market is very uninteresting. Diamond shares, on the other hand, are likely to attract much more attention, and in the meantime De Beers Deferred are very strong.

Amongst Jungics, Fanti Consols are easier again, but Taquah Exploration are firmer; yet there is not much to attract operators to this department, which is very sluggish.

ANOTHER RISE IN SILVER.

Silver is undoubtedly on the upgrade, and while a week ago the quotation was only 36⅞d, it is now 37 7-16d for Bars, the recent rise being due to further coinage purchases. Amongst Silver Mines, Burma Corporation have turned dull at 3⅞, and Canadian Mining, notwithstanding a lot of puffing, are only quoted about 15s 3d. Those who want to speculate in these shares will have to tread very warily.

Amongst Barriers, Broken Hill are dull, and Zinc Corporation are barely steady. In Westralians, Great Boulder Props. are steady, but the attempt to galvanise Boulder Perseverance into life has not so far succeeded. Russian Mines have improved, especially Russo-Asiatics, on Petrograd purchases, via Paris, but so far this hasn't achieved much.

COPPER FIRMER—TIN ALSO RISING.

After a lengthy period of dulness, the official quotation of Copper has been raised to £132 5s for cash, and Copper Mines are rather firmer. Tin reacted temporarily, but has again advanced to £190 2s 6d for cash, and £191 2s 6d for three months, while Tin Mines generally are dull, especially Nigerians, while even Cornish Mines do not flourish.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.
(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.

Met Water	57¼ ⅝		

HOME RAILWAYS.

North-Western	94½ 5		

AMERICANS.

Chic Gt West	13⅛	4½	Reading	105⅝	6¼
Denver	16¼	⅞	Southern Ord	39½	3
Erie 1st Pref	48¼	9⅞	Unions	150¼	⅝
Do 2d Pref	38	41	Gt North Iron	37	8
N.Y. Ontario	29¾	30½	Steel Com	119½	¾
Norfolk	143½	4½			

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILWAYS.

Antofagasta	122	3	San Paulo	169	71
Brazil	4	5	Havana	78¼	9½
Can Pacific	171	2			

RUBBER MARKET.

Damansara	4	Golden Hope	3½
Golconda, Malay	3 7-16	Straits Rubber	4½

DIAMONDS.

Roberts Victor	⅝		

EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.

Cons Mines Selec	21/-	Johannes Cons Inv	18/6
E Rand Mining Est	8/6	S.A. Gold Trust	18/-
Goerz (A.) & Co.	12/-		

RHODESIAN.

B.S.A. Chartered	11/7½	Lonely Reefs	26/6

GOLD OUTPUTS.

Daggafontein Gold	12/9	Randfontein Est	15/3
Modder "B" Gold	7⅞		

DEEP LEVELS.

Modder Deep	6 15-16	West Rand Cons	5/6
Modder Leases	56/-		

Our portrait is of Miss Ruth C. Hart, of 129 Pedro Street, Clapton Park, London, N.E., who writes:—

"It is with great pleasure that I am writing to tell you how I have been cured by your marvellous "(Clarke's) Blood Mixture." I was suffering from

Abscesses in the Glands

under my left arm, having eight or nine in succession, and was in such agony I did not know what to do. I was under a doctor for many weeks, but did not derive much benefit. Then I was recommended to take Clarke's Blood Mixture by a friend who had been completely cured of Rheumatism by it, so decided to try one of your small bottles, and it gave me such relief it was really marvellous. Having finished it I bought a 11s. case, which completely cured me. It is now 12 months since I took your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which did me all, and have recommended it to many friends, as I think it a great boon."

If It's Any Disease Due to Impure Blood

Such as Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, or any Kindred Complaint,

Don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clear and pure can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit. Pleasant to take.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World's Best Remedy for Skin & Blood Troubles.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle. *(Six times the quantity, 11/-)*

CUPAR SOLDIER DIES OF WOUNDS.

Cupar, Saturday Night.

Mr Hugh Orr, Lords Cairnie, Cupar, today received official intimation that his sixth son, Private Robert Cross Orr, Black Watch, had died of wounds on 6th November in the German hospital at Cambrai.

Private Orr, who was only 18½ years of age, has served in France for a year. He was badly wounded on the legs on 14th October, and was taken prisoner. Deceased's eldest brother, Private William Orr, Scots Guards, made the supreme sacrifice at Neuve Chapelle two years ago.

D.C.M. FOR FALKIRK SOLDIER.

Falkirk, Saturday.

The announcement is made by the War Office that Staff-Sergeant David K. Glass, Army Ordnance Corps, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. The recipient is twenty-five years of age, and his parents, Mr and Mrs William Glass, reside at 12 Gairdoch Street, Bainsford, Falkirk. He served his apprenticeship as an engineer, and was latterly a draughtsman in the employment of the Carron Company.

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, has opened a cigar shop for women smokers.

Clergyman's Striking Tribute
TO THE
PERMANENT CURATIVE VALUE OF ELECTRICITY

REMARKABLE CASE OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION PERMANENTLY CURED

Famous Institute to Send Full Particulars FREE to All Sufferers

Many readers of the "Post Sunday Special" know the name of the Rev. A. D. Cope, of Southampton, and it is his experience with Electrological Treatment that is given here in order that other sufferers may benefit.

His remarkably interesting story comes to hand to-day, and will certainly be read with the keenest interest by the many thousands who are suffering from Nervous Disorder, Debility, Melancholy, and General Nervous Exhaustion. In the most striking manner he gives convincing proof that in Electricity, applied by simple appliances which may be used in the home, not only can a vigorous nerve tone and abundant vitality be restored, but this restoration to health is absolutely permanent.

CURED A HEALTHY AT 81 YEARS.

The interesting letter that the Rev. A. D. Cope has written is given here, and it must be borne in mind that it was 20 years previous to the writing of this that he took treatment, and therefore not only did Electricity secure his return to health, but his cure was absolutely permanent.

REV. A. D. COPE,

whose remarkable testimony to the value of home electrological treatment for the cure of nervous troubles is given here. Full particulars of this wonderful treatment are given in an illustrated booklet which may be obtained free of cost upon application to the Electrological Institute.

Writing from "Pyrmont," Regent's Park, Southampton, to the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute, the Rev. A. D. Cope says:—

"Many years ago I gave my opinion of your appliances; I have had no reason to alter it.

"When sorely afflicted with nerve exhaustion I tried many remedies, but received no real benefit until I tried your Pulvermacher Appliances. Since then I have been threatened with paralysis, but a timely and persevering use of your Chain Battery took away every trace of the symptoms, which have never returned.

"I not only received great benefit myself from the use of your appliances, but have seen wonderful results in the cases of others to whom I have recommended or given them. One gentleman, aged 78, who was doubled up with sciatica, in six weeks was upright and alert as ever; and a lady, a clergyman's widow, was quickly cured of the same complaint, and eagerly sent the Band to a friend, who also had similar benefits. I wish your all success in your leading mission.

"I remain, dear Sirs, yours truest sincerely,

"(Sgd.) A. D. COPE."

This remarkable testimony from a gentleman who is 81 years of age, and is still able to perform the arduous duties of his calling, affords the most convincing evidence why sufferers should test Electrological Treatment.

There are doubtless thousands of sufferers who would gladly know more about this wonderful treatment, and in order that everyone may secure the fullest particulars, the Superintendent of the Institute will send gratis and post paid to all who apply to him a copy of the valuable Guide to Health—a 64-page book in which a full description of the various appliances is given, and a complete explanation of how Electrological Treatment may be enjoyed in the home without any interference with social or business routine.

AN IMPORTANT OFFER TO THOSE IN ILL-HEALTH.

From abundance of conclusive proof, patients' own reports, and recommendations of British Doctors, it can be definitely stated that there is no better treatment than by Pulvermacher Electrical Appliances for such cases as:—

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
DEBILITY
INSOMNIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
KIDNEY OR LIVER TROUBLES
CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
NEURALGIA
PARALYSIS
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA
RHEUMATISM

Exactly how you can be cured in your own home is told in the pages of the Health Guide, which will be sent if you will fill up the form given here and post to the Head Superintendent, the Electrological Institute, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

FREE HEALTH COUPON

"GUIDE TO HEALTH & STTRENGTH."
To the Superintendent,
ELECTROLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., Ltd.,
74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Lane,
London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your Free Guide to Health and Strength, entitled "Nervous Exhaustion and Weakness."

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

"Post Sunday Special."

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through constant recommendations of those cured by "Liquifruta" the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist's supply is rapidly exhausted. The stocks, however, are daily replenished, so that sufferers unable to obtain at the first attempt should again apply to the Chemist the day following.

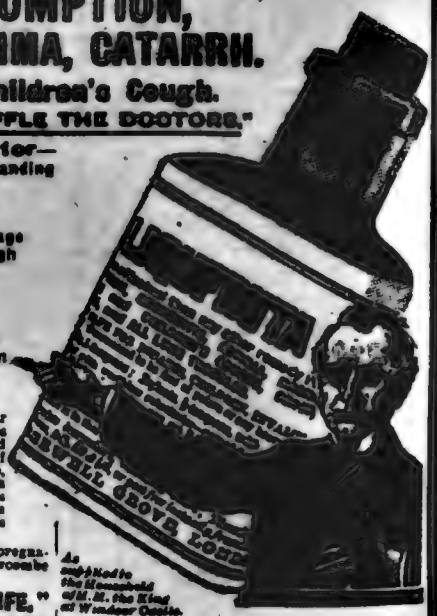
LUNG CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH.

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma even of 20 years' standing	
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis	
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed	
—Blood Spitting	—Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs	—Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh	—Quinsy
—Pneumonia	—Croup
—Laryngitis	—Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats	—Loss of Flesh
—Influenza	—Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing	—Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat	—Emphysema



As supplied to the Households of H.M. the King and Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,250,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

Every bottle requires 60 hours for impregnation, and cannot be hurried. Mr Heme-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" extraordinarily saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HEME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liquifruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Thousands of letters overflowing with gratitude are received. The following are samples—they deal with these terrible diseases—Asthma and Pulmonary Consumption.

Mrs G. F. Frank, Surbiton, London, writes, January 1st:—"I am writing to tell you the very great benefit that with God's blessing I have obtained by the use of 'Liquifruta,' and to thank you for the valuable book 'Worth its Weight in Gold.' I am carefully handing the book to those I know will appreciate it. My severe and long-standing Asthma has all but gone, and for the first time in my life I have been able to expectorate freely. I cannot describe the relief this has been, especially in the breathing tubes. The terrible frost and fog of the last few days was a severe test, but I have been going from room to room; the cough and all bronchitis has quite gone. I shall never be without a bottle of 'Liquifruta,' and several relatives and friends suffering from cough and Asthma have already tried 'Liquifruta' on my recommendation with gratifying results."

Mrs Angela, of Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, on January 16th writes:—"'Liquifruta' has saved my life, and I will never be without it."

Just what happened to these ladies, who suffered from Chronic Asthma, with great congestion of Phlegm, and that scourge of the world—Consumption—can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is THE Remedy that Never Fails. It is the Ever Open Door to Health.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 2d., 3s., and 5s., or direct and post free from Mr Wm. Heme-Newcombe, 42, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittances in stamps or postal orders. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr W. Heme-Newcombe,
The Laboratory, 642, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.

I enclose 2d in stamps for your book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1s. and sent post free.

Enclose this coupon, but write name and full address in ink on separate sheet of paper.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY CORPL. T. S. WILBURN, OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver, or kidney disorders, and, in fact, most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulation of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid, or anything you like, but they are all impurities, and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of common refined *altha saltrates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits of sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—T. S.W.

For Intestinal Disorders use Kaleol.—Advt.

MY SURE REMEDY FOR PILES

WILL CURE YOU, EVEN IF OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

I OFFER YOU A BOX FREE

Here is a generous offer to every reader who suffers from Piles of any kind. A box of a remarkably successful remedy, just introduced, will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Nothing to pay for the Free Box either now or when you have finished it, even if it cures you. The remedy consists of Tablets and an Ointment, both of a special nature, unlike anything else ever offered for the cure of Piles.

REMARKABLE RESULTS.

Really wonderful are the results that are being shown by this remedy. No sufferer can afford to ignore this Offer, and it will be your own fault if you continue to suffer the irritation and unpleasantness of Piles after you have read this announcement. Write to-day, enclosing 2d stamps for actual cost of postage, and your Free Box will be sent you by return, privately packed. Address:—Mr John Stanley, 28 Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BOX FREE

(ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY.)

Heart & Nerves

If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Disorders, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fulness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the Left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of Orzon, sufficient for a week's trial, together with a treatise on the heart, and testimonials from people who have been cured. Send no stamps. Package in plain wrapper.—THE GIANT EXIR Co., Ltd. (Dept. 261W) Beaverde Street, London, E.C. Orzon Preparations are on sale at all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Chemists, Holder's, and other leading Chemists.

PORT-GLASGOW MASON HONOURED.

Port-Glasgow, Saturday.

Bro. Bailie Picken was honoured by Lodge Doric Kilwinning, No. 68, in recognition of his services as Right Worshipful Master during the past three years. There was a crowded attendance, presided over by Bro. T. Andrews, R.W.M. A handsome presentation was made to the guest of the evening, the gifts including a past-master's jewel and gold watch, together with a spirit kettle for his good lady.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Classified advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 1d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-made, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

RAZORS.—Special bargain in finest Swedish steel, perfect shavers, even for strongest beard, 2s 6d, carriage paid. Money returned if not O.K. L. Meyer, 50 Cheapside, London, E.C.

NEW Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. None tart in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 4d. W. L. Hampton, musiceller, Perth.

BELFAST handkerchiefs, white, 4 gent.'s full-size, wide hem-stitched, soft as silk, 1s 1d; ladies' assorted, good quality, wide hem, 1s. Really worth double. The pocket, 2s. Carriage paid. Cash returned if not satisfied. Manager, Fabric Co., 35 to 37½ Wharf St., Leicester.

Khaki, soft as silk, F.S. wide hem, 3 for 1s.

SCOTTISH NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

A start has been made with an important housing scheme at Port-Glasgow.

Sugar-coated pastry will be banished for the duration of the war after 1st February.

There are now 160 War Savings Committees in Scotland and 1500 Associations.

Irvine Academy is being invited by the School Board to put its football field under a crop.

It is stated that no other town in the kingdom has a better milk supply than Glasgow.

A Rothesay trader has been showing his friends his latest War Loan certificate, which is for £2000!

By the kindness of Lord Moray all the employees on the Doune Lodge estate have received gifts of venison.

Lady Alice Shaw Stewart has presented an invalid chair for use among disabled soldiers at Smithston War Hospital.

The congregation of Union U.F. Church, Broughty Ferry, has elected three ladies as members of the Board of Managers.

Sheriff Mackenzie, the newly-appointed Sheriff-Principal of Renfrew and Bute, is a brother of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

One of the herring fishing skiffs which have been frequenting Rothesay lately realised £1008 the other night from a big haul of herring.

The managers of St Cuthbert's Church, Kirkcudbright, have agreed to sell the building for the purpose of a cinema picture house.

Over fifty poor people in the parish of Ceres have received gifts of eight hundredweights of coal from funds collected by the Rev. G. W. Walker.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour has presented to Haddington Public Library a handsomely-bound copy of "A Book of Homage to Shakespeare—1916."

Mr Thomas Alexander, sen., Fernlea, Kirkintilloch, has presented a silver challenge cup for annual competition amongst the ambulance corps in Kirkintilloch district.

Women have now been introduced as motor drivers on the Aberdeen Corporation tramways, and will receive the same rate of pay as male motormen get to start with—6d an hour.

Many Edinburgh ladies who have in the past employed their spare time in golfing and other outdoor sport intend making the management of an allotment a matter of recreation.

John G. Kerr, LL.D., late headmaster of Allan Glen's School, Glasgow, holds the unique position of serving under his son, Dr James R. Kerr, in a hospital at St Helens, Lancashire.

A motor plough is to be bought by the Kincardine Food Production Committee. A driver and assistants are to be provided with the plough, and a reasonable charge made for its use.

Stirling Choral Committee is to benefit at some future date by a legacy of £1000 bequeathed by a deceased member. The bequest, however, is not payable till the death of a life-renter.

The Govan District Board of Control have agreed that nurses with wages up to £100 should receive an increase of 15 per cent., and those with £100 to £156 should receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The sculptor of the recently-unveiled Gladstone Memorial in Edinburgh—Dr Pittendrigh Macgillivray—is now engaged on two nine-foot statues, one of the late Lord Bute for Cardiff, and the other of Lord Byron for Aberdeen.

Mr Peter J. Mackie, distiller, Glasgow, who is a member of a family once well known in Stirling, has put £60,000 into the new War Loan. This is the biggest individual investment of the kind yet reported in Scotland.

The Minister of Munitions has now the power to prohibit hare or rabbit coursing, whippet racing, or other similar recreation, where there is reason to apprehend such a meeting will impede any work necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

Major the Earl of Stair, of the Scots Guards, who was made prisoner by the Germans in the retreat from Mons in October, 1914, has been allowed to proceed to Switzerland as an exchanged prisoner of war. Lady Stair has left Lochinch in order to join her husband.

VICTORY!

There's a something in the ocean,
There's a something in the air.
Gives my heart a new emotion,
And forbids me to despair.
Like the summer sun arising,
Filling all my soul with glee.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

I can hear it in the workshops,
Where the girls toil night and day,
While their loyal thoughts are wafted
To their dear ones far away;
And our gallant sailors hear it
In the surging of the sea.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

There's a mist upon the Balkans,
Where the issue seems obscure,
And those gallant little nations
Have to suffer and endure;
Yet there's something fighting for them,
There's a Power they cannot see.
And it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

It is felt by all our Allies
Scattered far in many a clime.
It goes throbbing through Old Flanders,
Where our soldiers are sublime.
In their souls they hear the music
That will yet flood land and sea.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

MATTHEW ANDERSON,
The Ayrshire Policeman Poet.

Children love PEARS' Soap. Its transparency fascinates them—they never have to be coaxed to use it. PEARS is absolutely pure and so beneficial to the skin, that it is a wise Mother who insists on PEARS for the youngsters always. It is exceptionally economical because it wears so thin and can be used when other soaps would need replacing. Encourage the children in their toilet and

Practise Economy—use

Pears' Soap

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES" by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 in. by 19 in., free from advertising, sent on receipt of 1/- in stamps or P.O.—A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK AND WAR BONUS?

In Leicester—the headquarters of this Company—a boom far exceeding any previous experience continues in evidence. Factories are working double time. Every available worker is engaged and working overtime at good pay.

For our part we cannot keep pace with the demand for hosiery and knitted goods, although our workers all over the country have responded splendidly to our call for more hosiery.

WE MUST HAVE MORE WORKERS AT ONCE.

Reliable people will be provided with profitable home work on AUTO-KNITTERS by knitting War Socks. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for full particulars, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 37), 50 and 52, Belvoir Street, LEICESTER.

This beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gents', sent for P.O. 8/6 (guaranteed for 5 years), or Half-Hunter Gold Ring, 10/6. Is made by SIMES & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in a piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckle of your finger.—Address—SIMES & MAYER (Dept. 20), 23, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch as sewing machine but stronger. Save money, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved blades and thread. 3/- (postage 3d). Extra waxed thread, 7½d per skein. Send at once. Instructions with Stitcher. AUTO AWL WORKS, 142-146 COTTENHAM ROAD, LONDON, N. for only 3/-

VALE OF LEVEN BURNS CLUB SUPPER.

Alexandria, Saturday Night.

This evening in the Albert Hotel, Alexandria, the members of the Vale of Leven, Glencairn Burns Club held their annual supper. Mr Peter Burdon, Balloch, presided. The "Immortal Memory" was given by Mr William Smith, Bonhill.

HOW TO ECONOMISE.

Lord Strathclyde's four exhortations for saving, and thus helping the War Loan:—

1. Shun all waste.
2. Limit your consumption to the necessaries of life, as far as you think you can without sacrificing physical efficiency.
3. Limit severely your use of many of the harmless luxuries of life.
4. Abandon altogether the use of the deleterious and useless luxuries of life.

It is understood that Mr Audley C. Miles, chairman of the Rothesay Tramways Company, has been appointed to succeed General Sir Charles M. Clarke, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., as Commander of Headquarters, Central Detachment of the Special Constabulary in London.

360 HOURS LIGHT 1½D

Designed to give a safe and cheap light. Just right for new lighting regulations.

EVERLASTING LAMP.

Holds no loose oil, and can be thrown about without danger. The wick is everlasting, never needs renewing. Immediately goes out if knocked over, cannot explode. Price 6d, post 7d; 2 for 1/, post 2d. Stamps accepted (½d preferred). "Buy Post Journal," picture paper of clever household inventions. TREK. Agents Wanted. 1d stamp. Vaughan & Member, 396 Queen's Rd., Brighton.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 1/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES, COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

SKIN CHALLENGE—I, John A. Campbell, Herbalist and Skin Remedy Expert, Springhill Cottage, 898 Polmadie Road, S.P., Glasgow (Estd. 1889), hereby claim that my Domino Brand Ointment (formerly known as Gipsy Ointment) is the best ever discovered, and offer to test it against any other reputed Skin Cure in existence for £100. Guaranteed to cure most hopeless cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Lupus, Ringworm, Abscesses, Ulcers, Leg-Sores, Pimply Face, Piles, &c. Trifling cases, if neglected, often end in Cancer or Leprosy, alarming present increase. Fiend, dressing sores burning pain and intense itching at nearly each. Jars, 1s 3d, by post 1s 6d; 3 jars (in one), 3s post free. A big saving, usually enough for worst cases. (Letter orders posted by return.)

Order

Niblick

WHISKY

NOTHING BETTER. DISTILLED.

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WAR LOAN.

SMALL INVESTMENTS NECESSSARY FOR REAL SUCCESS.

New money is rolling into the War Loan steadily, but there are many sources yet to be tapped.

• • •

The duty rests upon every individual to invest immediately all present cash resources in the new War Loan, and to estimate further available resources for the next few months, and to anticipate those resources by borrowing from the banker.

The smallest investor, too, should clearly understand that even if he has not a banking account, it is only necessary for him to obtain a respectable introduction to a banker to ensure his receiving expert advice, and also assistance in the matter of his applications.

• • •

Many people have been assailed by the fear that if they put their money into the Loan it would be tied up, so that they would be unable to get the use of it when they required it for business or domestic purposes. Any fear that exists on this score is quite groundless. After next month it will be possible for the investor to sell the whole or any part of his share in the Loan with about as little delay as it would take to withdraw money from the Post Office Savings Bank.

Then the lender need not fear when he sells on the Stock Exchange that he will not get as much as he gave for it, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has arranged to keep the market value of the Loan at not less than the price at which it was issued.

• • •

The Loan can be a real success only if the "small man" helps it with his best endeavours of thrift and investment.

The opportunities which the banks offer for this are remarkable and without precedent, since they enable their customers to put at the Treasury's disposal both their present accumulations and their future savings.

How this is done is explained lucidly by Sir Felix Schuster, the eminent financier. "If a man," he says, "has a weekly income of £1 a week more than he had before the war—and that is a very moderate estimate in regard to a large proportion of the wage-earners—it may be assumed that he has probably £5 or £10 put away.

"Well, that man can go to the bank and say, 'I will have £50 in the new War Loan. Here is £5 on account. I am engaged at such a place, and I am going to pay £1 weekly till the end of the year.'

"At the end of the year that man will find himself what he never was before—a capitalist. He has £50 invested, and has appetite will grow by what it feeds on, and he will begin to realise how he may now put something by for his family."

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

REALISATIONS FOR WAR LOAN THE ONLY BUSINESS.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE "POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

THE past week has probably created a record on the Stock Exchange in the way of idleness, practically the only business transacted having been realisations for the purpose of reinvesting in new War Loan.

The offer of 3s 4d per cent. interest on subscriptions to the War Loan, if sent in before the 31st inst., has given a considerable stimulus to subscriptions, and it is believed that after this date the chief disturbance caused to the existing markets by the War Loan will have been removed.

The jobbers have been doing their best to discourage sales by marking down quotations on the least pretext, and there is no doubt that the prevailing level of prices in most departments is unduly low, even having regard to present abnormal conditions.

THE CASE OF CONSOLS.

Take the case of Consols, otherwise known as the premier security of the world. The pre-war quotation was 72½, but under the stress of competition from higher-yielding securities created as a result of the war the price has come down with a run. This week the fall has been further accentuated by realisations for the purpose of going into War Loan, and, as a consequence, the quotation fell on Friday to 51¼—a low record for about a century; while the present quotation is around 52, thus offering a yield of over 4½ per cent. per annum.

There may be a further decline before the War Loan lists are closed, but there can be no two opinions about the fact that Consols at their present level now present attractions, both from the point of view of present yield and of future prospects of capital appreciation, especially after the war, which it will be found to equal in any other security of a similar status.

HOME RAILS AND THEIR DIVIDENDS.

The first batch of Home Railway dividends, viz., those of the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Great Central, have now made their appearance, and, in accordance with anticipations, are at the same rates as those of a year ago. Presuming that the remaining dividends will also be the case, Home Rails will be well worthy of attention of investors after the War Loan issue.

Such a favourite and moderately-priced stock as, for instance, Great Northern Deferred, at 38 cum dividend, or 35¼ ex the annual distribution of 2½ per cent., now offers over 7 per cent. per annum; and a similar yield is obtainable on Midland Deferred and other leading Stocks. Underground Electric Six Per Cent. Income Bonds, at 90, and on which the dividends are paid free of tax, are also well worth attention

RUBBERS CHANGE AND CHOP ABOUT.

The Rubber market has been changing and chopping about a good deal of late, although the underlying conditions are not at all unsatisfactory, confidence in the outlook for the commodity being well maintained. What has caused a good deal of unsettlement have been the revelations in the United Serdang report as regards the effects of the Excess Profits Duty upon profits. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that the sum involved, viz., £134,000, is for the duty for the three years up to August 31, 1916. In other respects, the report shows satisfactory progress, and, although at one time the shares fell to 10s 9d, they have subsequently been absorbed by investors, buying for capital appreciation in the future.

The same considerations apply to other comparatively young Plantation Companies in a similar position to the United Serdang. The Garing (Malacca) has made good progress since its reconstruction, and there are now good prospects of the indebtedness to the Preference shareholders being wiped off at the end of the year. The Glen Bervie has substantially increased its distribution, to 15 per cent., free of tax, but at about 2½ the shares are pretty fully valued as a Rubber holding.

OIL MARKET OCCASIONALLY AT A STANDSTILL.

The Oil market has occasionally been at a standstill, owing to the dearth of business. A firm tone has, however, prevailed, with Shell Transports better supported up to 5¼, on the favourable figures of the production for the past year.

Roumanian Consols have now settled down around 9s 6d, awaiting further developments in Roumania. Kern Rivers have met with renewed attention, at 8s and upwards, on the new advantageous contract. Trinidad descriptions have given rise to a fair amount of business, especially Trinidad Leaseholds, although movements have been of a somewhat irregular character.

A development of interest has been the raising of the Russian Government maximum price for crude oil at Baku to 55 copecks per pood, but even this is not commensurate with the great rise in the cost of productions, and, consequently, the shares of the Russian Oil Companies have hardly been influenced thereby.

KAFFIRS PARTLY EASIER ON JOHANNESBURG SHAKE-OUT.

Every now and then a shake-out occurs in Johannesburg, but in the present case it is not likely to last long, as during the next fortnight a number of Kaffirs dividends will be released, which will probably be reinvested in the same shares. At all events the Far-Eastern shares are likely to rally again sharply, while Government Mining Areas, for which Mr S. B. Joel has obtained better terms, have experienced an advance.

RHODESIANS QUIET—DIAMONDS FIRM.

Amongst Rhodesians, Chartered shares remain steady, while the rest of this market is very uninteresting. Diamond shares, on the other hand, are likely to attract much more attention, and in the meantime De Beers Deferred are very strong.

Amongst Jungles, Fanti Consols are easier again, but Taquah Exploration are firmer; yet there is not much to attract operators to this department, which is very sluggish.

ANOTHER RISE IN SILVER.

Silver is undoubtedly on the upgrade, and while a week ago the quotation was only 36⅞d, it is now 37 7-16d for Bars, the recent rise being due to further coinage purchases. Amongst Silver Mines, Burma Corporation have turned dull at 3⅞, and Canadian Mining, notwithstanding a lot of puffing, are only quoted about 15s 3d. Those who want to speculate in these shares will have to tread very warily.

Amongst Barriers, Broken Hill are dull, and Zinc Corporation are barely steady. In Westralians, Great Boulder Props. are steady, but the attempt to galvanise Boulder Perseverance into life has not so far succeeded. Russian Mines have improved, especially Russo-Asiatics, on Petrograd purchases, via Paris, but so far this hasn't achieved much.

COPPER FIRMER—TIN ALSO RISING.

After a lengthy period of dulness, the official quotation of Copper has been raised to £132 5s for cash, and Copper Mines are rather firmer. Tin reacted temporarily, but has again advanced to £190 2s 6d for cash, and £191 2s 6d for three months, while Tin Mines generally are dull, especially Nigerians, while even Cornish Mines do not flourish.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.
(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.

Met Water	57¼	¾			

HOME RAILWAYS.

North-Western	94½	5			

AMERICANS.

Chic Gt West	13½	4½	Reading	105⅝	6¼
Denver	16¼	¼	Southern Ord	32½	⅜
Erie 1st Pref	48½	9½	Unions	150¼	⅝
Do 2d Pref	38	41	Gt North Iron	37	8
N.Y. Ontario	29⅜	30½	Steel Com	119¼	¾
Norfolk	143½	4½			

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILWAYS.

Antofagasta	122	3	San Paulo	169	71
Brazil	4	5	Havana	78¼	9¼
Can Pacific	171	2			

RUBBER MARKET.

Damansara	4	Golden Hope	3¼
Golconda, Malay	3 7-16	Straits Rubber	4¼

DIAMONDS.

Roberts Victor	⅛

EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.

Cons Mines Selec	21/-	Johannes Cons Inv	18/6
E Rand Mining Est	8/6	S.A. Gold Trust	18/-
Goerz (A.) & Co.	12/-		

RHODESIAN.

B.S.A. Chartered	11/7½	Lonely Reefs	26/6

GOLD OUTPUTS.

Daggafontein	Gold 12/9	Randfontein Est	15/3
Modder "B"	Gold 7⅞		

DEEP LEVELS.

Modder Deep	6 15-16	West Rand Cons	5/6
Modder Leases	56/-		

Our portrait is of Miss Ruth C. Hart, of 129 Pedro Street, Clapton Park, London, N.E., who writes:—

"It is with pleasure that I am writing to tell you how I have been cured by your marvellous "Clarke's Blood Mixture." I was suffering from

Abscesses in the Glands

under my left arm, having eight or nine in succession, and in such agony I did not know what to do. I was under a doctor for many weeks, but did not get much benefit. Then I was recommended to take Clarke's Blood Mixture by a friend who had been completely cured of Rheumatism by it. I so decided to try one bottle, small bottles, and it gave me such relief it was really marvellous. Having finished I bought a 11s. case, which completely cured me. It is now 12 months since I took your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which did not fail, and have recommended it to many friends, as I think a great boon."

If It's Any Disease Due to Impure Blood

Such as Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, or any Kindred Complaint,

Don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities, from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it rich and pure can be relied upon to give prompt relief and lasting benefit. Pleasant to take.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World's Best Remedy for Skin & Blood Troubles.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle. (Six times the quantity, 11/-)

CUPAR SOLDIER DIES OF WOUNDS.

Cupar, Saturday Night.

Mr Hugh Orr, Lords Cairnie, Cupar, today received official intimation that his sixth son, Private Robert Cross Orr, Black Watch, had died of wounds on 6th November in the German hospital at Cambrai.

Private Orr, who was only 18½ years of age, has served in France for a year. He was badly wounded on the legs on 14th October, and was taken prisoner. Deceased's eldest brother, Private William Orr, Scots Guards, made the supreme sacrifice at Neuve Chapelle two years ago.

D.C.M. FOR FALKIRK SOLDIER.

Falkirk, Saturday.

The announcement is made by the War Office that Staff-Sergeant David K. Glass, Army Ordnance Corps, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. The recipient is twenty-five years of age, and his parents, Mr and Mrs William Glass, reside at 12 Gairdoch Street, Bainsford, Falkirk. He served his apprenticeship as an engineer, and was latterly a draughtsman in the employment of the Carron Company.

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, has opened a cigar shop for women smokers.

Clergyman's Striking Tribute
TO THE
PERMANENT CURATIVE VALUE OF ELECTRICITY

REMARKABLE CASE OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION PERMANENTLY CURED

Famous Institute to Send Full Particulars FREE to All Sufferers

Many readers of the "Post Sunday Special" know the name of the Rev. A. D. Cope, of Southampton, and it is his experience with Electrological Treatment that is given here in order that other sufferers may benefit.

His remarkably interesting story comes to hand to-day, and will certainly be read with the keenest interest by the many thousands who are suffering from Nervous Disorder, Debility, Melancholy, and General Nervous Exhaustion. In the most striking manner he gives convincing proof that in Electricity, applied by simple appliances which may be used in the home, not only can a vigorous nerve tone and abundant vitality be restored, but this restoration to health is absolutely permanent.

CURED A HEALTHY AT 81 YEARS.

The interesting letter that the Rev. A. D. Cope has written is given here, and it must be borne in mind that it was 20 years previous to the writing of this that he took treatment, and therefore not only did Electricity secure his return to health, but his cure was absolutely permanent.

REV. A. D. COPE,

whose remarkable testimony to the value of home electrological treatment for the cure of nervous troubles is given here. Full particulars of this wonderful treatment are given in an illustrated booklet which may be obtained free of cost upon application to the Electrological Institute.

Writing from "Pyrmont," Regent's Park, Southampton, to the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute, the Rev. A. D. Cope says:—

"Many years ago I gave my opinion of your appliances; I have had no reason to alter it.

"When sorely afflicted with nerve exhaustion I tried many remedies, but received no real benefit until I tried your Pulvermacher Appliances. Since then I have been threatened with paralysis, but a timely and persevering use of your Chain Battery took away every trace of the symptoms, which have never returned.

"I not only received great benefit myself from the use of your appliances, but have seen wonderful results in the cases of others to whom I have recommended or given them. One gentleman, aged 78, who was doubled up with sciatica, in six weeks was upright and alert as ever; and a lady, a clergyman's widow, was quickly cured of the same complaint, and eagerly sent the Band to a friend, who also had similar benefits. I wish your all success in your healing mission.

"I remain, dear Sirs, yours most sincerely,
"(Rev.) A. D. COPE."

This remarkable testimony from a gentleman who is 81 years of age, and is still able to perform the arduous duties of his calling, affords the most convincing evidence why sufferers should test Electrological Treatment.

There are doubtless thousands of sufferers who would gladly know more about this wonderful treatment, and in order that everyone may secure the fullest particulars, the Superintendent of the Institute will send gratis and post paid to all who apply to him a copy of the valuable Guide to Health—a 64-page book in which a full description of the various appliances is given, and a complete explanation of how Electrological Treatment may be enjoyed in the home without any interference with social or business routine.

AN IMPORTANT OFFER TO THOSE IN ILL-HEALTH.

From abundance of conclusive proof, patients' own reports, and recommendations of British Doctors, it can be definitely stated that there is no better treatment than by Pulvermacher Electrical Appliances for such cases as:—

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
DEBILITY
INSOMNIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
KIDNEY OR LIVER TROUBLES
CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
NEURALGIA
PARALYSIS
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA
RHEUMATISM

Exactly how you can be cured in your own home is told in the pages of the Health Guide, which will be sent if you will fill up the form given here and post to the Head Superintendent, the Electrological Institute, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

FREE HEALTH COUPON

"GUIDE TO HEALTH & STYRENGTH."
To the Superintendent,
ELECTROLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
(J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., Ltd.),
74, Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Lane,
London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your Free Guide to Health and Strength, entitled "Nervous Exhaustion and Weakness."

NAME, ...

ADDRESS, ...

"Post Sunday Special."

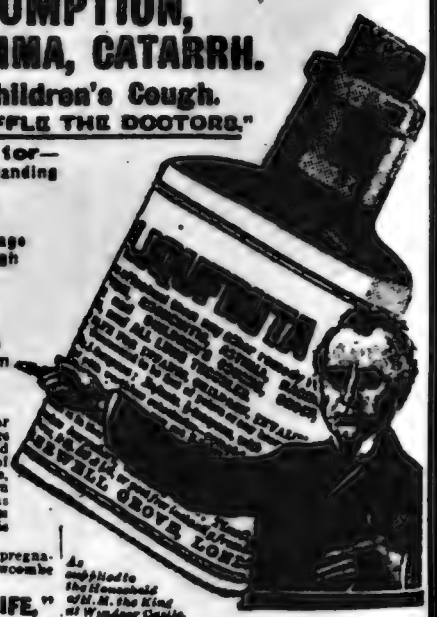
"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured by "Liquifruta" the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist's supply is rapidly exhausted. The stocks, however, are daily replenished, so that sufferers unable to obtain at the first attempt should again apply to the Chemist the day following.

LUNG CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH.

Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."



As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" for—

—Chronic Asthma even of 20 years' standing	
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis	
—Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed	
—Blood Spitting	—Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs	—Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh	—Quinsy
—Pneumonia	—Croup
—Laryngitis	—Nasal Catarrh
—Night Sweats	—Loss of Flesh
—Influenza	—Racking Cough
—Difficult Breathing	—Choking Phlegm
—Sore Throat	—Emphysema

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

Every bottle requires 60 hours for impregnation, and cannot be hurried. Mr Home-Newcombe himself puts the cure in every bottle.

"IT SAVED MY CHILY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liquifruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Thousands of letters overflowing with gratitude are received. The following are samples—they deal with those terrible diseases—Asthma and Pulmonary Consumption.

Mrs G. F. Frank, Surbiton, London, writes, January 1st:—"I am writing to tell you the very great benefit that with God's blessing I have obtained by the use of 'Liquifruta,' and to thank you for the valuable book 'Worth Its Weight in Gold.' I am carefully leading the book to those I know will appreciate it. My severe and long-standing Asthma has all but gone, and for the first time in my life I have been able to expectorate freely. I cannot describe the relief this has been, especially to the breathing tubes. The terrible frost and fog of the last few days was a severe test, but I have been going from room to room; the cough and all bronchitis has quite gone. I shall never be without a bottle of 'Liquifruta,' and several relatives and friends suffering from cough and Asthma have already tried 'Liquifruta' on my recommendation with gratifying results."

Mrs Angela, of Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, on January 16th writes:—"'Liquifruta' has saved my life, and I will never be without it."

Just what happened to these ladies, who suffered from Chronic Asthma, with great congestion of phlegm, and that scourge of the world—Consumption—can happen to you—will happen to you, for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is THE Remedy that Never Fails

It is the Ever Open Door to Health.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 250 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Gaiger's Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., or direct and post free from Mr Wm. Home-Newcombe, 31 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittance in stamps or postal orders. (Abroad 1/- extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr W. Home-Newcombe,
The Laboratory, 642, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.

I enclose 2d in stamps for your book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1s, and send post free.

Enclose this coupon, but write name and address in ink on separate sheet of paper.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY CORPL. T. S. WILBURN, OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver, or kidney disorders, and, in fact, most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulation of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid, or anything you like, but they are all impurities, and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of common refined *alkia saltrates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits of sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—T. S.W.

For Intestinal Disorders use Kalsel.—Advt.

MY SURE REMEDY FOR PILES

WILL CURE YOU, EVEN IF OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

I OFFER YOU A BOX FREE

Here is a generous offer to every reader who suffers from Piles of any kind. A box of a remarkably successful remedy, just introduced, will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Nothing to pay for the Free Box either now or when you have finished it, even if it cures you. The remedy consists of Tablets and an Ointment, both of a special nature, unlike anything else ever offered for the cure of Piles.

REMARKABLE RESULTS.

Really wonderful are the results that are being shown by this remedy. No sufferer can afford to ignore this Offer, and it will be your own fault if you continue to suffer the irritation and unpleasantness of Piles after you have read this announcement. Write to-day, enclosing 2d stamps for actual cost of postage, and your Free Box will be sent you by return, privately packed. Address:—Mr John Stanley, 26 Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BOX FREE

(ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY.)

Heart & Nerves

If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Disorders, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fulness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the Left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of Oxie, sufficient for a week's trial, together with a treatise on the heart, and testimonials from people who have been cured. Send no stamps.

Package in plain wrapper.—THE GIANT OXIE Co., Ltd. (Dept. 251W) 5, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. Oxien Preparations are on sale at 3 branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's, White's, Hodder's, and other leading Chemists.

PORT-GLASGOW MASON HONOURED.

Port-Glasgow, Saturday.

Bro. Bailie Picken was honoured by Lodge Doric Kilwinning, No. 68, in recognition of his services as Right Worshipful Master during the past three years. There was a crowded attendance, presided over by Bro. T. Andrews, R.W.M. A handsome presentation was made to the guest of the evening, the gifts including a past-master's jewel and gold watch, together with a spirit kettle for his good lady.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 1d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

RAZORS.—Special bargain in finest Swedish steel, perfect shavers, even for strongest beard, 2s 6d, carriage paid. Money returned if not O.K. L. Meyer, 54 Cheapside, London, E.C.

THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth.

HALLAST handkerchiefs, white, 4 gent.'s full-size, wide hem-stitched; soft as silk, 1s 1d; ladies' assorted, good quality, wide hem, 1s. Usually worth double. Two packets, 2s. Carriage free. Cash returned if not satisfied. Manager, Irish Fabric Co., 85 to 87½ Wharf St., Leicester.

KHAKI, soft as silk, F.S. wide hem, 3 for 1s.

SCOTTISH NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

A start has been made with an important housing scheme at Port-Glasgow.

Sugar-coated pastry will be banished for the duration of the war after 1st February.

There are now 160 War Savings Committees in Scotland and 1500 Associations.

Irvine Academy is being invited by the School Board to put its football field under a crop.

It is stated that no other town in the kingdom has a better milk supply than Glasgow.

A Rothesay trader has been showing his friends his latest War Loan certificate, which is for £2000!

By the kindness of Lord Moray all the employees on the Doune Lodge estate have received gifts of venison.

Lady Alice Shaw Stewart has presented an invalid chair for use among disabled soldiers at Smithston War Hospital.

The congregation of Union U.F. Church, Broughty Ferry, has elected three ladies as members of the Board of Managers.

Sheriff Mackenzie, the newly-appointed Sheriff-Principal of Renfrew and Bute, is a brother of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

One of the herring fishing skiffs which have been frequenting Rothesay lately realised £1008 the other night from a big haul of herring.

The managers of St Cuthbert's Church, Kirkcudbright; have agreed to sell the building for the purpose of a cinema picture house.

Over fifty poor people in the parish of Ceres have received gifts of eight hundredweights of coal from funds collected by the Rev. G. W. Walker.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour has presented to Haddington Public Library a handsomely-bound copy of "A Book of Homage to Shakespeare—1916."

Mr Thomas Alexander, sen., Fernlea, Kirkintilloch, has presented a silver challenge cup for annual competition amongst the ambulance corps in Kirkintilloch district.

Women have now been introduced as motor drivers on the Aberdeen Corporation tramways, and will receive the same rate of pay as male motormen get to start with—6d an hour.

Many Edinburgh ladies who have in the past employed their spare time in golfing and other outdoor sport intend making the management of an allotment a matter of recreation.

John G. Kerr, LL.D., late headmaster of Allan Glen's School, Glasgow, holds the unique position of serving under his son, Dr James R. Kerr, in a hospital at St Helens, Lancashire.

A motor plough is to be bought by the Kincardine Food Production Committee. A driver and assistants are to be provided with the plough, and a reasonable charge made for its use.

Stirling Choral Committee is to benefit at some future date by a legacy of £1000 bequeathed by a deceased member. The bequest, however, is not payable till the death of a life-renter.

The Govan District Board of Control have agreed that nurses with wages up to £100 should receive an increase of 15 per cent. and those with £100 to £156 should receive an increase of 10 per cent.

The sculptor of the recently-unveiled Gladstone Memorial in Edinburgh—Dr Pittendrigh Macgillivray—is now engaged on two nine-foot statues, one of the late Lord Bute for Cardiff, and the other of Lord Byron for Aberdeen.

Mr Peter J. Mackie, distiller, Glasgow, who is a member of a family once well known in Stirling, has put £60,000 into the new War Loan. This is the biggest individual investment of the kind yet reported in Scotland.

The Minister of Munitions has now the power to prohibit hare or rabbit coursing, whippet racing, or other similar recreation, where there is reason to apprehend such a meeting will impede any work necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

Major the Earl of Stair, of the Scots Guards, who was made prisoner by the Germans in the retreat from Mons in October, 1914, has been allowed to proceed to Switzerland as an exchanged prisoner of war. Lady Stair has left Lochinch in order to join her husband.

VICTORY!

There's a something in the ocean,
There's a something in the air.
Gives my heart a new emotion,
And forbids me to despair.
Like the summer sun arising,
Filling all my soul with glee.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

I can hear it in the workshops,
Where the girls toil night and day,
While their loyal thoughts are wafted
To their dear ones far away;
And our gallant sailors hear it
In the surging of the sea.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

There's a mist upon the Balkans,
Where the issue seems obscure,
And those gallant little nations
Have to suffer and endure;
Yet there's something fighting for them,
There's a Power they cannot see.
And it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

It is felt by all our Allies
Scattered far in many a clime.
It goes throbbing through Old Flanders,
Where our soldiers are sublime.
In their souls they hear the music
That will yet flood land and sea.
For it's coming; yes, it's coming—
Victory! Victory!

MATTHEW ANDERSON,
The Ayrshire Policeman Poet.

Children love PEARS' Soap. Its transparency fascinates them—they never have to be coaxed to use it. PEARS is absolutely pure and so beneficial to the skin, that it is a wise Mother who insists on PEARS for the youngsters always. It is exceptionally economical because it wears so thin and can be used when other soaps would need replacing. Encourage the children in their toilet and

Practise Economy—use

Pears' Soap

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES" by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 in. by 19 in., free from advertising, sent on receipt of 1/- in stamps or P.O.—A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK AND WAR BONUS?

In Leicester—the headquarters of this Company—a boom far exceeding any previous experience continues in evidence. Factories are working double time. Every available worker is engaged and working overtime at good pay.

For our part we cannot keep pace with the demand for hosiery and knitted goods, although our workers all over the country have responded splendidly to our call for more hosiery.

WE MUST HAVE MORE WORKERS AT ONCE.

Reliable people will be provided with profitable home work on AUTO-KNITTERS by knitting War Socks. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for full particulars, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 37), 50 and 52, Belvoir Street, LEICESTER.

The beautiful 9ct. GOLD SHELL RING, engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gent.'s size, for P.O. 5/6 (guaranteed for 5 years), or Half-Marked Gold Ring 12s. 6d. It is made by SIMS & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Shell Jewellery. To get the size, cut a hole in a piece of cardboard, to fit tightly over the knuckles of your finger.—Address:—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 39), 33, Basford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch as sewing machine but stronger. Save money, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved blades and thread, 3/- (postage 3d). Extra waxed thread, 7½d per skein. Send at once. Instructions with Stitcher. AUTO AWL WORKS, 142-144 COTTENHAM ROAD, LONDON, N. for only 3/-

300 HOURS LIGHT 1½D

Designed to give a safe and clean light. Just right for new lighting regulations.

EVERLASTING LAMP.

Holds no loose oil, and can be thrown about without danger. The wick is everlasting, never needs renewing. Immediately goes out if knocked over, cannot explode. Price 4d, post 1d; 2 for 6d, post 2d. Stamps accepted (½d preferred).

"Buy Post Journal," picture paper of clever household inventions, FREE. Agents Wanted. 1d stamp. Vaughan & Heather, 396 Queen's Rd., Brighton

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 1/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,
COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE,
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

SKIN CHALLENGE—I, John A. Campbell, Herbalist and Skin Remedy Expert, Springhill Cottage, 898 Polokshaws Road, S.P., Glasgow (Estd. 1889), hereby claim that my Domino Brand Ointment (formerly known as Gipsy Ointment) is the best ever discovered, and offer to test it against any other reputed Skin Cure in existence for £100. Guaranteed to cure most hopeless cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Lupus, Ringworm, Abscesses, Ulcers, Leg-Sores, Pimply Face, Piles, &c. Trifling cases, if neglected, often end in Cancer or Leprosy, alarming present increase. First dressing cures burning pain and intense itching or money back. Jars, 1s 3d, by post 1s 6d; 3 jars (in one), 3s post free. A big saving, usually enough for worse cases. (Letter orders posted by return.)

Order **Niblick** WHISKY
NOTHING BETTER, DISTILLED.

VALE OF LEVEN BURNS CLUB SUPPER.

Alexandria, Saturday Night.

This evening in the Albert Hotel, Alexandria, the members of the Vale of Leven, Glencairn Burns Club held their annual supper. Mr Peter Burdon, Balloch, presided. The "Immortal Memory" was given by Mr William Smith, Bonhill.

HOW TO ECONOMISE.

Lord Strathclyde's four exhortations for saving, and thus helping the War Loan:—

1. Shun all waste.
2. Limit your consumption to the necessaries of life, as far as you think you can without sacrificing physical efficiency.
3. Limit severely your use of many of the harmless luxuries of life.
4. Abandon altogether the use of the deleterious and useless luxuries of life.

It is understood that Mr Audley C. Miles, chairman of the Rothesay Tramways Company, has been appointed to succeed General Sir Charles M. Clarke, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., as Commander of Headquarters, Central Detachment of the Special Constabulary in London.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Clyde,	2	Partick Thistle,	1
Dundee,	2	Hearts,	3
Falkirk,	1	Queen's Park,	2
Hibernian,	3	Dumbarton,	1
Kilmarnock,	7	Aberdeen,	0
Morton,	2	Airdrieonians,	1
Motherwell,	2	Ayr United,	1
Raith Rovers,	1	St Mirren,	1
Rangers,	2	Hamilton Aca.,	0
Third Lanark,	0	Celtic,	0

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Clydebank,	2	Arthurlie,	0
Abercorn,	5	Stevenston United,	0
Dumbarton Harp,	2	Johnstone,	0

DUMBARTON CUP.

Vale of Leven,	0	Renton,	1

PENMAN CUP.

Dunfermline,	0	Cowdenbeath,	2

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND MATCH.

Glasgow Juniors,	3	Rest of Scotland,	2

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Pollok,	0	Strathclyde,	3
Rob Roy,	2	Cambuslang Rangers,	1
Larkhall Thistle,	0	Vale of Clyde,	1
Shettleston,	1	Benburb,	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Renfrew Juniors,	4	Yoker Athletic,	2
St Anthony's,	1	G'nboig Cameronians,	0
St Mirren Juniors,	2	Kilsyth Emmet,	0
*Burnbank Athletic,	3	Thornliebank Jun.,	0
Kilsyth Rangers,	2	Croy Celtic,	1
Blantyre Victoria,	2	Neilston Victoria,	1

* Match stopped.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Bolton Wanderers,	2	Manchester City,	2
Burnley,	3	Bury,	4
Port Vale,	3	Blackburn Rovers,	1
Liverpool,	2	Blackpool,	2
Manchester United,	0	Stockport County,	1
Oldham Athletic,	1	Southport Central,	0
Preston North End,	1	Stoke,	1
Rochdale,	2	Everton,	1

Midland Section.

Barnsley,	2	Birmingham,	1
Bradford City,	2	Lincoln City,	0
Chesterfield Town,	3	Notts County,	1
Grimsby Town,	1	Rotherham County,	0
Leeds City,	0	Bradford,	0
Leicester Fosse,	2	Huddersfield,	0
Notts Forest,	3	Hull City,	0
Sheffield United,	1	Sheffield Wednesday,	0

London Combination.

Brentford,	1	Fulham	1
Arsenal,	1	Watford	1
Southampton,	1	Portsmouth,	0
Tottenham Hotspur,	0	West Ham United,	0
Luton,	5	Millwall,	2
Crystal Palace,	4	O.P. Rangers,	0
Chelsea,	1	Clapton Orient,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	24	16	0	8	44	8	40
Morton,	26	18	4	4	51	28	40
Rangers,	24	17	3	4	47	12	38
Third Lanark,	24	11	6	7	30	23	29
Airdrieonians,	26	11	8	7	41	29	29
St Mirren,	25	11	8	6	35	28	28
Kilmarnock,	26	12	10	4	46	30	28
Partick Thistle,	24	11	8	5	32	20	27
Clyde,	23	7	5	11	30	30	25
Dumbarton,	25	9	10	6	40	51	24
Falkirk,	26	8	10	8	39	35	24
Motherwell,	26	10	12	4	42	46	24
Ayr United,	26	9	12	5	33	38	23
Hearts,	26	10	15	1	29	42	21
Hibernian,	26	6	11	9	39	52	21
Queen's Park,	23	8	12	3	36	48	19
Hamilton Aca.,	25	6	13	6	25	50	18
Aberdeen,	26	5	15	6	24	40	16
Dundee	25	6	16	3	24	52	15
Raith Rovers,	26	4	16	6	26	61	14

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Stevenston United,	17	13	2	2	56	13	28
Clydebank,	14	10	2	2	32	12	22
Vale of Leven,	16	8	5	3	31	19	19
Dumbarton Harp,	14	8	5	1	26	16	17
Abercorn,	15	6	4	5	25	18	17
Johnstone,	17	6	8	4	23	32	14
Albion Rovers,	16	3	8	5	17	24	11
Renton,	15	2	6	7	17	26	11
Arthurlie,	15	3	9	3	15	28	9
*Dykehead,	11	3	5	3	14	22	9
*Wishaw Thistle,	11	3	6	2	11	23	8
*Royal Albert,	11	1	8	5	11	26	7

* Withdrawn from the competition.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	15	10	2	3	41	17	23
St Bernards,	15	10	4	1	34	14	21
East Fife,	10	7	2	1	17	4	15
Armadale,	13	5	4	4	21	22	14
Dundee Hibs,	15	6	8	1	27	30	13
Dunfermline,	14	6	7	1	18	24	13
East Stirlingshire,	11	4	4	3	23	23	11
Broxburn,	11	3	6	2	10	21	8
Bathgate,	13	3	8	2	18	31	8
Lochgelly United,	11	1	10	0	7	30	2

TIPS FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

Take Rangers to beat Aberdeen at Pittodrie.

Clyde go to Airdrie. This should be good enough for the 'Onians.

Dundee make the long trip to Somerset Park. Ayr United will give them a thick ear.

Back Celtic to bag both points. Raith Rovers face them at Parkhead.

Dumbarton entertain the Hearts. This game will be drawn.

Hamilton Academicals have Kilmarnock. Put it down for Killie.

Hibs and Falkirk meet at Easter Road. Back the Greens.

Morton are to be at Firhill. Partick Thistle ought to pull through.

Queen's Park, after Brockville, should whip Motherwell at Hampden Park.

Third Lanark will lose to St Mirren at Love Street.

English League:—Lancashire Section—Blackburn Rovers to beat Oldham Athletic, Blackpool and Rochdale to draw, Bury to beat Manchester United, Everton to beat Bolton Wanderers, Manchester City to beat Port Vale, Southport Central and Preston North End to draw, Stockport County to lose to Liverpool, Stoke to beat Burnley.

Midland Section—Birmingham to beat Leeds City, Bradford to beat Sheffield Utd., Huddersfield Town to beat Grimsby Town, Hull City and Barnsley to draw, Lincoln City to beat Leicester Fosse, Notts Forest to beat Chesterfield Town, Rotherham County to beat Notts County, Sheffield Wed. to beat Bradford City.

London Combination—Millwall Athletic to beat Portsmouth, Fulham to lose to Chelsea, Watford to beat Luton Town, Queen's Park Rangers to beat Brentford, Clapton Orient to lose to The Arsenal, Tottenham Hotspur to beat Southampton, West Ham United to beat Crystal Palace.

QUOITING MATCH.

A quoiting game took place at Lochgelly yesterday for stakes of £30 a side. The competitors were Alex. Mitchell, Cowdenbeath, and Archibald Hodge, Lochgelly. The former won rather easily by 12 shots. The distance was 10 yards, and 41 shots up.

HALF A BRICK THROWN AT A LINESMAN AT CATHKIN PARK.

RANGERS CROWD THEIR GOOD PLAY INTO THE LAST FIVE MINUTES.

ANNIHILATION OF ABERDEEN—DEFEAT OF DUNDEE—BAIRNS BEWILDERED—MORTON'S MENACE.

Two nasty things occurred at the Third Lanark-Celtic match yesterday.

Walker, the Warriors' right half, was accidentally hurt, and he went behind the goal line to receive attention from the trainer.

While there the pair had stones thrown at them by some of the spectators, and the trainer called the attention of the referee to their behaviour.

A little later one of the linesmen signalled a goal kick.

This did not please a section of the Celtic following, who booed loudly and yelled for "a corner," and half a brick came hurtling through the air and struck the linesman.

He at once drew the referee's attention to this act of hooliganism, whereupon that official stopped play, and addressed a few strong words of caution and warning in the direction whence the missile came.

LUCKY RANGERS.

Rangers and Hamilton Academicals played at Ibrox. Rangers tried Pursell on the extreme right in place of Duncan, and Bowie at right half.

It was a disappointing first half, Rangers never striking a combine, and the visitors more intent to keep their end up than to get past Hempsey. In fifteen minutes Rangers got through, and Pursell netted, with Craig appealing for a supposed infringement. This point livened up the homesters, and Croot sent across two centres which should have been netted. The Hamilton defence, however, stuck to their guns, and gave one the impression that Rangers on their tactics would get few such opportunities. M'Namee was in grand trim, and was the principal stop gap to Rangers increasing their lead. The rearranged front line gave only a faint imitation of Rangers' play, Bell being lacking in confidence, and Martin and Croot playing an individual instead of a combined game. Things improved a little towards the interval, and Craig was well tested, but came through all right. There was no understanding between the home defence and their forwards, whereas the visitors' halves tried, and with a fair measure of success, to keep in touch with their front line, who found themselves against Manderson and Blair both in something like a defending mood.

The second half was about the poorest ever played by Rangers. Their forwards were hopeless, and only on a rare occasion was Craig visited. The visitors, on the other hand, went out for the equaliser, and gave a fine display worthy of success, but always at close quarters they failed when a little judgment might have given them their reward. Rangers' defence was kept on the move all the time, with both backs saving the situation repeatedly. No one would have grudged the visitors the equaliser, which might have gone a long way towards waking up the Rangers, but all Murphy's cleverness and Graham's rushes failed to get the better of Hempsey.

When Hamilton seemed on the point of getting a goal Rangers improved, and Craig was kept busy. The home lot crowded all their good play into the last five minutes, and a minute from the close Duncan was brought down inside the penalty line, Blair scoring. The winners were lucky to carry off both points against a team which had the worst of luck, and who, at least, should have divided the points.

Rangers, 2; Hamilton Academicals, 0.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Bowie, Riddell, and Hendry; Pursell, Bell, C. Duncan, Martin, and Croot.

Hamilton Academicals—Craig; Robertson and A. Millar; Purdie, M'Namee, and Paterson; Corcoran, Murphy, Graham, Nicol, and M'Neil.

DONS COLLAPSE.

It would only be charitable to Aberdeen to say that their play at Kilmarnock was affected by their long train journey from the North, and the desperate rush they had to reach Rugby Park owing to having missed their train connection. The Dons never really settled to their proper play. An early goal by Fulton also helped to unsettle the team, and Kilmarnock, having the assistance of the wind, monopolised the game till the interval. It was near half-time, however, before further scoring took place. The Aberdeen goalkeeper was deceived by a long shot from Armstrong, and immediately following this goals came quickly from Goldie and Culley. At the interval Kilmarnock led by four goals to nil.

For a short time after resuming Aberdeen gave promise of doing better, but when M'Phail cleverly beat four opponents and scored the fifth goal Aberdeen fell away. The sixth goal was also scored by M'Phail, following some smart dribbling, and near the close Smith got the seventh goal. Although having seven goals scored against him, Anderson played well for Aberdeen, and, except for Armstrong's shot, he had no chance with any of the goals. The only other outstanding man on the Aberdeen side was Ambler, the centre forward, who worked hard all the time, and got in some nice drives for Blair to save. As the score indicates, it was a very one-sided game.

Kilmarnock, 7; Aberdeen, 0.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, Goldie, and Johnstone; Fulton, Smith, Culley, Armstrong, and M'Phail.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Perry and Calder; Thomson, Cail, and Robertson; M'Kay Davidson, Ambler, Cruickshanks, and Wylie.

VISITORS' VILE LUCK AT FIR PARK.

At Fir Park up till the interval it was a remarkably fast and interesting game. Gradually both sides found their bearings, and the period was remarkable for the narrow escapes which the respective goals ran without either citadel falling. Up to a point Motherwell exhibited the brighter patches of play, but when Ramsay, the inside right, sought repairs in the pavilion, Ayr gave a sparkling display. Times without number they brought the ball to within shooting or heading distance of Rundell, but always at the critical moment something went wrong. The chance of the game, however, fell to Marshall, but the very simplicity of the opening quite unnerved him, and he sent harmlessly past. On two occasions also the visiting forwards, when nicely in position, just headed over the bar—missing in each instance by a hair's breadth. Undoubtedly the visitors experienced the vilest of luck, otherwise they must have been in the ascendancy when the whistle sounded for half-time.

The home side resumed without Ramsay, who, it was ascertained, was suffering from an old injury. With ten men Motherwell applied the screw for the first five minutes, and so severe was the pressure that it came as no surprise when Gray scored with a brilliant shot. Ayr soon succeeded in getting the ball past Rundell, but as the whistle had previously gone for offside, the point did not count. Ayr were bent on getting on level terms, but they met a stonewall defence in M'Skimming and Murray. A succession of corners fell to the visitors, but the cruel misfortune which had dogged them from the beginning continued. It was apparently not Ayr's day for receiving favours, for, after having much the worst of the exchanges, Motherwell's forwards romped away, and Frank Kelly left White helpless with a raking shot. Just on the call of time Marshall scored. The visitors were most unfortunate to be defeated. Their display was well worth a division of the spoils. For Motherwell, Rundell was as safe as usual, while M'Skimming showed capital judgment at back. M'Stay was the best of the halves, Craig Brown being unsuited by the treacherous ground. Morgan and Gray were the finest pair of forwards afield. Ayr put up a strong game from first to last, but their forwards were disappointing at close quarters. The players who showed uniform excellence throughout were White, Hay, Cringan, Waddell, and Marshall.

Motherwell, 2; Ayr United, 1.

Motherwell — Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Stay, Brown, and Stewart; Kelly, Ramsay, Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

Ayr United—White; W. Cringan and Hay; Waddell, Barr, and M'Laughlin; Ingram, Crosbie, Marshall, R. Cringan, and Yule.

THIRDS' DAY ON.

Third Lanark did not make the most of their red letter day when they met Celtic at Cathkin. They had a 20,000 crowd, it is true, but they ought to have won on the chances going. The Warriors had out the team that beat Airdrie, and Celts reformed the line to give Soldier Cassidy a last chance before he left for the front. Thirds opened with the wind. M'Lean soon got an opportunity as a shot, but he banged past the side. Celts' halves failed to hold the nippy Cathkin forwards, and the first real chance of the game came from Bissett. He sent along a real picture centre. It found no takers till it came to Sutherland, who failed to adopt the proper tactics for a drive home. Celts were up against it for a period. Shaw had one specially brilliant clearance from the left, and Joe Dodds saved at close quarters. Celts never settled to their true capabilities. They played the rushing game. Browning from the start was off colour. M'Atee's centres were dead on for Brownlie, but carried no danger, and M'Menemy was the best of the quintette, but even he did not touch standard form. Joe Dodds failed to catch the "Gunner" from a place kick, and Shaw had enough to do to clear off Bissett. Thirds were persistent. They simply refused to be shaken off. They were all triers, and the next item was a great drive off "Ecky" Walker. Shaw was beaten to the wide, but the woodwork negatived. Play was strenuous, but what an error Bissett made when he had the option of chalking up first count. He clean missed his kick. What we could admire was the work of the Celts' rearguard. Shaw, M'Nair, and Dodds were as safe as the bank. From a M'Atee centre Brownlie cleared with credit, and Shaw fielded from Sutherland. Third Lanark's share of the first half should have yielded a double, but as it was there was a clean sheet.

Those who looked for Celts, with the wind second half, dominating the play were "left." Thirds every bit were as clever as the Greens, and as fresh, too. Celts never looked like scorers. They scarcely got in a decent shot, and all the gifts went the way of the Warriors. Celts' defence was riddled, and Shaw failed to get at a ball that was going all the way when Joe managed to divert for a flag kick. This was one of Celts' narrow squeaks; the other was from a back pass which Shaw only cleared in contact with M'Lean after a strenuous passage. Brownlie on occasion did splendid work. His clutching was decisive, and his clearing sensational, but he never looked like being caught. M'Lean it was that should have driven home the winner. Thomson beat M'Nair, and the Celts' defence were beaten to a frizzle, when M'Lean got possession in front of an open door. He failed to steady, and put past. It was a tremendously exciting finish, but it finished all square at no goals. Celts disappointed. They were weak at half. The last line of defence alone played to form. Browning could do nothing right, and they failed in the forward game that never comes off against a defence that knows their business. Brownlie was safe. M'Cormack the better back, closely followed by the veteran. Thirds bettered the Celts at half, where Bobby Brown played the game of his life. There were no weaklings forward, and Bissett impressed me as he never did before. It was an unusual experience for Celts to be outplayed at Cathkin, but the fact stands.

Third Lanark, 0; Celtic, 0.

Third Lanark—Gunner Brownlie; M'Cormack and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and R. Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stey, and Brown; M'Atee, M'Menemy, M'Coll, Cassidy, and Browning.

AN EYE-OPENER AT EASTER ROAD.

Paterson and Muirhead (the former through injury) were absent from the Hibernian team which beat Dumbarton, who, without Felix Gunn, had Tait at inside left. Smith deputised for Muirhead, but was late in turning out. Against ten men Dumbarton were the aggressive side, Cairney and Ritchie early trying for an opening. Dornan, and then Gordon, foiled them, and, with Smith's inclusion, Hibs counter-attacked, their left wing being particularly active.

Dumbarton, however, controlled the bulk of the pressure, and their front line showed better form than did that of the Hibs. Thom and Kerr had several interesting tussles, but it was Cairney who scored the opening goal, taking advantage of a miskick by Borthwick. The Hibs' keeper did not seem up to his usual form, fluky clearances from Travers and Ritchie almost leading to further downfall. Dumbarton, this half, were the better side, and deserved their lead, but the turn-round was an eye-opener. Hibs, after the breather, simply took the game in hand, and bombarded Miller's charge for practically the whole of the second period. Hibs' halves, especially Kerr and Gordon, kept a firm grip on the position. Kilpatrick scored the equaliser for Hibs, and the same player gave his team the lead, finishing some smart following up by kicking the ball out of Miller's hands into the net. A third goal soon followed, a header from Campbell taking effect.

Hibs merited their victory by their second half display. Lennie, Fleming, and Kilpatrick were their bright stars in front, with Gordon, Kerr, and Dornan doing valiant work behind. Of Dumbarton's defenders, M'Grory, Travers, and Semple, by reason of their second half extra strain, were outstanding. Miller, though he was injured, performed well. During the first half Ritchie and Thom were the best of the Dumbarton front line, which latterly was eclipsed.

Hibernians, 3; Dumbarton, 1.

Hibernians—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Gordon, and Newton; Lennie, Fleming, Kilpatrick, Smith, and Campbell.

Dumbarton — Miller; M'Grory and Semple; Travers, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, M'Kim, Cairney, Tait, and Thom.

RAITH'S NEW CENTRE.

St Mirren were a lucky team against Raith Rovers at Kirkcaldy. They were on the defensive for two-thirds of the game, and a goal down most of the second half, and then they snatched a point almost with the last kick. In the first half there was no scoring, due principally to the sound defence of Muir on the Raith's side and Reid on the St Mirren's, and, incidentally, to the referee getting in the way of a shot by Abbott.

The second half had gone ten minutes when Rougvie accepted a pass from Gibson and scored for Rovers. The subsequent play consisted of a well-sustained attack by the Raith's forwards and half-backs, with occasional desperate and dangerous sorties by the Saints. These were generally beaten off by Muir and Robson. Two minutes from time the Raith's defence were pressed in on the goal, getting tied in a knot, and Lindsay scored for St Mirren. Robson and Neish seemed to muddle things between them. St Mirren were at full strength, and gave a clever enough exhibition, but they were up against a much stronger Raith eleven than the Hearts beat the previous Saturday. Hillcoat brought off numerous smart clearances, and both backs were first rate. Reid being a shining light and keeping Gibson well in hand. Dixon at centre half was another outstanding figure, and had much credit of keeping the Raith's score down when the latter were attacking persistently. The Paisley left wing was the most prominent. Except for the unfortunate lapse in the closing moment, Neish, Robson, and Muir put up an unbreakable defence, Muir being outstanding. The half-backs were the mainstay of the team.

The Denbeath Star junior, Rougvie, made a splendid first appearance in centre.

Raith Rovers, 1; St Mirren, 1.

Raith Rovers—Neish; Robson and Muir; Rattray, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Rougvie (Denbeath Star), Abbott, and Gibson.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Reid and Callaghan; W. Brown, Dickson, and Walls; Higginbotham, Pringle, Marshall, Lindsay, and A. Brown.

DUNDEE DESERVED TO DRAW.

Dundee deserved to draw with the Hearts at Dens Park, where the visitors won 3-2. The Dundee men monopolised the play in the first half, and through M'Culloch got the lead, which they held to the interval. They showed remarkably good form, and their present left wing has never been seen to better advantage. Black had a lively time, and it was only his fine goalkeeping that kept the score from increasing in Dundee's favour. At the same time the visitors' defence was very stubborn, but the Dundee men swung the ball about, Steven and M'Culloch being constantly dangerous. Brown played with great tenacity, but he was not in his usual form as an opportunist, while Murray failed to take chances, which were frequent, thanks to the generous feeding of M'Intosh and Thomson.

The Hearts seldom got away. When they did Sharp and M'Ewan showed pretty combination, but Gibb was handicapped by the slippery condition of the ground. This player exchanged positions with Sharp in the second half, and the reshuffle proved extremely beneficial, for Sharp got a couple of goals. His first was followed by a smart goal from Murray, who made amends for previous mistakes, for he scored with a rasping shot. Ten minutes later Sharp again found the target with a beautiful oblique shot.

Dundee had in the meantime slackened their efforts, the driving snow being largely responsible. Unfortunately their left wing combination was also upset, for Steven sustained an injury. Herron lost many openings, but Brown could not get past Kiernan, who played with great coolness and judgment. Hearts gained confidence, and Noble put his side further ahead, the visitors keeping their lead to the finish.

The stars on the Hearts' side were Black, Kiernan, and Sharp, whilst M'Intosh, Thomson, Steven, and M'Culloch were Dundee's best players.

Dundee, 2; Hearts, 3.

Dundee—Bower; Baxter and Burns; M'Intosh, Thomson, and Stirling; Herron, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Steven.

Hearts — Black, Keirnan and M'Queen; Nellies, Connacher, and Ross; Sharp, M'Ewan, Gibb, Noble, and Blackhall.

CLYDEBANK'S VICTORY.

In their Western League game with Arthurlie at Clydeholm yesterday, Clydebank thoroughly deserved the points. They assumed the aggressive at once, and it was only the fine defence of Stirling and Morrison that kept them out. It was no more than their due when Bolger netted as the result of capital work by the halves. Arthurlie were particularly lively on the right, but could make nothing of the home defence. The homesters kept pegging away, Murphy, of Falkirk, who was introduced at outside right, sending across some fine passes. It was just on half-time that they again counted. Shortt scoring.

In the second period Arthurlie strove hard to reduce the leeway, but all their efforts were futile, Clydebank likewise failing to penetrate. For Clydebank, Murphy, Shortt, Bolger, and Taylor were prominent, and for Arthurlie, M'Allister, M'Call, Lawns, and Stirling.

Clydebank, 2; Arthurlie, 0.

FOOTBALL TEAM OF BRITISH INTERNED AT PADERBORN.

Despite the trying experiences undergone by our soldiers in Germany, they find time for football, and, as will be seen in this photo of a group of British soldiers interned in Paderborn Camp, a number have formed a club of their own. Sitting second from the right in the middle row is Private D. Richardson, Gordon Highlanders, who is well known in Aberdeen, his native city. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Mons.

ANOTHER MORTON VICTORY.

It was bitterly cold at Greenock, and the play did not help to promote the comfort of the spectators, of whom 6000 were present. Airdrie found it difficult to break through the Greenock lines. In the first half they had to defend most of the time, and Bernard and his backs will no doubt consider themselves lucky in keeping their goal intact up to the interval. The custodian made some clever saves. Shots by Parker and Gourlay deserved to count, but the uprights came to the rescue of the visitors.

Playing against the wind, Morton did much better after crossing over. Paterson, who partnered Seymour, showed to advantage, when he accepted a chance, racing past the backs, and finishing with a drive which shook the inside of the net. The goal was certainly long overdue. Morton's attack was now seen at its brightest, and Parker capped a fine display by scoring with an unsavable shot. The subsequent play of Seymour on the wing and M'Nab on the other was fine. Rankine and Anderson for Airdrie were also an enterprising pair, and their good work was rewarded late in the game, the latter getting a smart goal.

The conditions were not too favourable for a keen display. This was Morton's third game in succession at Cappielow, and they have won them all. The losers excelled in defending, and as a spoiler Kennedy caught the eye. Morton's best were Wright, Parker, and Gourlay.

Morton, 2; Airdrieonians, 1.

Morton — Bradford; Morrison and Orrmonde; Stevenson, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, Parker, Paterson, and Seymour.

Airdrieonians — Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Sneddon; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnell, Donaldson, and Paterson.

QUEEN'S SURPRISE THE "BAIRNS."

After many years the Queen's Park on Saturday achieved victory at Brockville Park against the Bairns, and the points were gained in a match with the odds very much against the Amateurs, who opened with nine men. A. L. Morton and Ford were not present at the start, and it was while working two men short that Templeton got a beauty of a goal. The effort was more than a mild surprise to Falkirk. Strange to say, there was the element of surprise, if not sensation, in their second and winning goal, which was got after about twenty-five minutes of the second half, when Falkirk were piling on the work. The Bairns were so eager to get through that all hands were in the job bar Donaldson and Stewart. The Queen's centre got a stray shot from among the defending mob, and raced off at tremendous pace, leaving Donaldson panting and Stewart in a quandary. The goalkeeper dashed out to meet the oncoming centre, who let drive with unerring aim, and the ball found the net. It was a splendid solo effort. Up till the interval the Queen's played with ten men only, Boice having arrived to take the place of Ford.

In the second half A. L. Morton made a welcome second appearance. Falkirk's only goal was secured by Shearer with a long, slanting shot, not long after the Queen's first effort. This lad played a much improved game for his side, and did something in the way of crossing, which opened the eyes of those who may have had doubts as to his ability. The centre forward play of the Bairns, however, was not class. "Jocky" Simpson was not in one of his electrifying moods, except for the first ten minutes of the game. A draw would have been an accurate ending. Falkirk on the day's play were an average company. The side was brightened by no "stars." The Queen's were good, especially Cowan, Neilson, Templeton, M'Diarmid, and Morton.

Falkirk, 1; Queen's Park, 2.

Falkirk—Stewart; Orrock and Donaldson; Harvie, A. Comrie, and M'Millan; Simpson, Watson, D. Comrie, Croal and Shearer.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Watson; W. J. Aitken, A. Cowan, and J. H. Boyce; R. Sibbald, H. M'Millan, R. M'Diarmid, Templeton, and A. L. Morton

CLYDE'S WIN.

Clyde and Partick Thistle met at Shawfield. Clyde were at full strength, but the Thistle were not. The Reds gained first honours. The Thistle took a long time to settle, and Clyde were for the better part of the first half doing the pressing. Several times they got within the danger zone, only to see the Thistle defence deny them the honour which was their due, but when twenty minutes had gone, Morris, getting an easy chance by slack play by M'Mullan, scampered off, and when well placed he sent across a ball which fell to Shimmons, and the outside man found the net with a fast rising shot.

After this the Partick men picked up wonderfully, and for a time looked like getting the equaliser, but slack play at close quarters and individual work spoiled their chance. Near things they had, but Cowan and Farrell relieved all the pressure, and Shingleton was not at any time severely tested. M'Tavish tried his best to bring out Whittle at outside right, but the outside centre was not in the game. N. Harris tried to break through with a burst, but his efforts were ill-timed, and the Clyde defence had little trouble in keeping the centre in check. At the interval Clyde still held the lead.

The second period was a change from the first half, as it was seen that even with the wind against them the Thistle made the running, and had they been a little more steady in their movements they might have scored earlier. As it was Walker got a chance for Clyde, and all but counted, the ball just topping the bar. The Thistle, however, were out for the equaliser, and, after several attempts, Bowie got on the ball, and from a difficult position he squared the ball, which N. Harris had no difficulty in netting.

It was left to Clyde to get another goal. Slack's ball from Shimmons found its way to Thomson, who from twenty yards let fly, and Ferguson had to admit defeat a second time. From this till the end Clyde were top dogs, and, taking the finish into account, Clyde were full value for the win. Clyde's best were Farrell, Walker, Morris, M'Gowan and Shimmons. Partick's best were Bulloch, M'Mullan, M'Tavish, N. Harris, and Bowie.

Clyde, 2; Partick Thistle, 1.

Clyde—Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Walker, M'Ghee, and Neave; Morris, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thomson, and Shimmons.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; J. Harris and Bulloch; M'Intyre, Gardner, and M'Mullan; Whittle, M'Tavish, N. Harris, Leitch, and Bowie.

RENTON OUT THE VALE.

Vale of Leven and Renton met in a Dumbartonshire Cup tie at Renton. In the first half the Vale were the better lot, but poor finishing lost many good chances. On several occasions they had the goal practically at their mercy, but couldn't score. Hamilton was clever in the home goal, as was Robb for the Vale. Toward the end of the second half Robb made three brilliant saves from Thomson and Rankin.

In the closing period the Rentonians were top dogs. They did three-fourths of the pressing, but the Vale defence was sound, Robb giving a class show. The visiting forwards played below form. In the closing minutes Hannah scored the only goal of the game. It was cleverly taken. Best for Renton—Hamilton, Riley, Hanson, Hosie, Rankin, and Hannah; and for the Vale—Robb, Clark, Bone, Cuthbertson, Cameron, and Anderson. Renton, 1; Vale of Leven, 0.

POINTS FOR DUMBARTON HARP.

Dumbarton Harp had Johnstone at Meadow Park in a Western League game. The game was keenly contested. In twenty-seven minutes Duffy gave the Harp the lead with a low shot from close in. It was the result of a clever pass from the left wing. Soon after M'Clelland, the visitors' goalkeeper, made a brilliant full-length save. In the second portion play was keen as ever. The defences were better than the attacks. When it looked as if the Harp were to finish with their one-goal lead, Galloway capped a fine solo effort by beating M'Clelland for the second time. Harp deserved the points, but Johnstone put up a hard fight. Best for the winners—M'Bride, Livingston, M'Callum, Morrison, Duffy, and Galloway; and for the losers—M'Clelland, Keir, Thomson, Kinnear, and Irvine. Harp, 2; Johnstone, 0.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast fifteen correct results. There is **NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.**

The competitor who gives the fifteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the fifteen correct results a consolation prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the consolation prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, February 3.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON FEBRUARY 3.

Blackpool	v. Rochdale.
Stockport Co.	v. Liverpool.
Stoke	v. Burnley.
Bury	v. Manchester U.
Birmingham	v. Leeds City.
Hull City	v. Barnsley.
Bradford	v. Sheffield Un.
Sheffield Wed.	v. Bradford City.
Fulham	v. Chelsea.
Watford	v. Luton.
West Ham U.	v. Crystal Palace.
Aberdeen	v. Rangers.
St Mirren	v. Third Lanark.
Partick Thistle	v. Morton.
Queen's Park	v. Motherwell.

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, January 31.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST.

Matches Played January 20.

No one succeeded in forecasting fifteen correct results, but two readers submitted forms showing only one error, and our Consolation Prize of £10 has therefore been divided between them. Their names and addresses are:—D. Adamson, 3 Lauriston Street, Greenock; and J. Hayward, 45 Victoria Ave., Newport (Mon.).

ABERCORN'S TRIO.

Abercorn and Stevenston United have met four times this season. The high wind and lumpy ground had something to do with the poor quality of play served up. Stevenston with a little care might have had one of the points at least. The game was not five minutes old when they were granted a penalty, but Connelly shot wide. J. Spiers made no such mistake when a similar favour came Abercorn's way. Just before this his namesake had opened the account, and the double reverse seemed to upset the United, who belied their name badly. They were a beaten team before M'Gregor took advantage of a misunderstanding between Sinclair and another player and scored a third goal. Abercorn, 3; Stevenston United, 0.

COWDENBEATH DEFEAT DUNFERMLINE.

Dunfermline Athletic and Cowdenbeath met for the third week in succession at East End Park in the first round of the Penman Cup. For a long time play swung from end to end, without any team getting any material advantage. Both goals had narrow escapes. Cowdenbeath's goal would have fallen had Lockie shown a little more judgment. The visitors scored. Half-time—Cowdenbeath, 1 Dunfermline, 0.

Dunfermline reopened briskly, and paid a few visits to M'Kinlay's end, the goalkeeper on one occasion saving a hot shot from Locke on the line. The visitors attacked in turn, but Adams had not much difficulty with the shot that came his way. Dunfermline were putting up a great struggle for the equaliser. After doing most of the pressing from the interval, the Athletic were decidedly unlucky to find themselves further in arrears, M'Kay, in one of Cowdenbeath's breakaways, beating Adams with a grand shot. The Athletic redoubled their efforts in the closing stages, but it seemed impossible for them to score, although they had hard lines in not doing so once or twice.

Cowdenbeath, 2; Dunfermline Athletic, 0.

GLASGOW BEAT REST OF SCOTLAND.

Glasgow Juniors were in a sense lucky to win against the Rest of Scotland at Firhill Park in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund. A penalty to the Rest in absolutely the last second of the game was brilliantly saved by Nisbet, the Petershill goalie. The whistle sounded immediately the kick had been taken, with Glasgow leading by the odd goal in five.

It was a keen and a clean game. Although the pitch was frost-bound there were few accidents and little play that could be described as "dirty." Glasgow were a goal up in the first minute, Rushbury, the Maryhill centre, banging through before the players had properly got their bearings. The Rest yoked in, and within a couple of minutes were on level terms, Miller, the Port-Glasgow representative, netting with a splendid drive. Level pegging it was, alike in the score and in the run of the game, till the interval.

After the cross-over Glasgow were first to obtain any tangible recognition for their pressure, Nimmo converting a penalty, and Rankin, who was about the finest forward afield, adding another just afterwards. It was from a great cross by Gold that M'Kenzie, the Dundee Violet representative, reduced the leeway, a lightning shot completely baffling Nisbet. I have already referred to Orr's missed penalty just on time. Taking the losers first, the Rest defence was very sound, Nay acquitting himself well in goal, while M'Master, of Stevenston Thistle, was not far from being the best back on view. All three halves were good, and of a thrustful forward line none were better than Miller, Port-Glasgow Athletic, and M'Kenzie, Dundee Violet, for craft.

Nisbet's work in the Glasgow goal was up to the Petershill man's usual standard, and he was warmly congratulated on saving that last-minute penalty. Both backs were good without being brilliant, and Nimmo was the star of a virile mid line. Rankine was easily best of the van, but Campbell and Rushbury were clever individually. A good game, which would have attracted a fuller "house," had the weather not been so suggestive of the North Pole.

WHIPPETING.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Lochgelly dog handicap came off yesterday afternoon, when some exciting running was witnessed. In the final Mr Murphy's (Lochore) Irish Mail (12) and Mr Menzies' (Glencraig) Mabel (5½) ran a dead heat for first and second places, Mr Reddington's (Glencraig) Young Tom (5½) was third, while Mr Kane's (Glencraig) Merry Boy (8½) was fourth.

Betting—4 to 1 agst Irish Mail.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds at Coatbridge yesterday. The ground was in good condition, and there was a fair attendance. The semi-finals in the previous week's handicap resulted as follows: — 1st semi-final — 1 Clark's Blood Mixture (36), 2 Brown's Prince Albert (47). 2d semi-final—1 M'Cue's Expensive (44), 2 Clinton's French Ellen (46). Final—1 Expensive, 2 Blood Mixture. Betting—5 to 4 on.

Seventeen heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners—Norton's Pretty Polly (48), Mac's Stonewall (38), Marshall's Armadale Jock (46), Bell's Utmost (48), Lundie's Cowboy (37), Mont's Glenisla (46), Wilson's Brownie (44), Meechan's Rose (46), Doyle's Shady Boy (42), Dean's Sun Queen (47), Mitchell's Wandering Boy (42), Clark's Blood Mixture (36), Bell's Foremost (48), M'Keown's Fill Up (42), Dickson's Friz (46), Andy's Short Stride (46), Key's Pat Bradin (46). Very close finishing was the rule all round. Four handicap winners figured in the 15th heat, including Wilson's Robin Gray, from Newmains, the most improved dog on the ground, and winner of three handicaps during the past year.

GATWICK'S GOOD THINGS.

The Colonel's tips for Wednesday's racing are:—

12.45—Submit, nap; Lord Ninian, next best.
1.30—Bernstein, nap; Noah, next best.
2.0—Regal, nap; Roy Hamilton, next best.
2.30—Poethlyn, nap; Grithorpe, next best.
3.0—The Waggoner, nap; Red Sunset, next best.
3.30—Blueground, nap; Polydamon, next best.

And for Thursday:—

12.45—I'm the Guy, nap; Bouton Rouge, next best.
1.30—Platonic, nap; Angus, next best.
2.0—Elgon, nap; Aldermaston, next best.
2.30—Irish Mail, nap; Templedowney, next best.
3.0—Rhine-na-Shark, nap; Wavylace, next best.
3.30—The Bimkin, nap; Ednam's Belle, next best.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

BOYS WILL BE BOYS, AND LIFEBUOY SOAP WILL ALWAYS BE THEIR FAVOURITE SOAP.

THESE happy, joyous young Britons instinctively fly to the soap that invigorates. After the general rough and tumble in the playground, there is nothing a boy likes so much as a brisk wash with Lifebuoy Soap, a wash that leaves his tousled forelock as sweet and clean as the heather which grows on the hillside.

Imagine the friendly jostle at the wash-bowl and bath, the cheerful hum of voices—above all, the pleasant and health-giving odour of Lifebuoy Soap, and you have a happy picture of healthy, manly boyhood.

Wise parents insist on their manly boys using Lifebuoy Soap, for they know that its antiseptic properties will protect them from the germs and microbes of disease that ever threaten boy life at school.

A BRITISH SOAP FOR BRITISH BOYS.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 129—28

St Clements are a great force in Churches League footer.

Clyde jagged the Thistle, and were full value.

Pollok made merry on "Burns Nicht," but the Strathies rubbed it in on Saturday.

The Celts as champions are getting many checks.

Brown (Dundee) holds pride of place as First League scorer.

Renfrew are in the pink among junior combines. They spell consistency.

WONDERFUL HAIR GROWER

Discovered by Cherokee Indians. Stops Falling Hair and Produces New, Long, Luxuriant Growth of Beautiful Hair.

3,000 Boxes To Be Distributed

A traveller from Western America, Mr. J. Hart Brittain, has come here for the purpose of introducing the genuine compound which the Cherokee Indians have used for centuries in ensuring themselves the extraordinary growth of hair for which they are noted.

The secret lies in the use of genuine bear's fat and certain rare herbal ingredients. These have a remarkable action upon the hair glands, and frequently induce a profuse hair growth upon bald heads that have hitherto resisted every attempt to induce new hair.

Mr Brittain was himself bald when, as a trader, he came in contact with the Cherokees, who gave him enough of their mysterious elixir to quickly cover his head with hair, and now, at the age of sixty-five, he has a complete growth. A multitude of others, men and women, have since used the remarkable compound with astonishing and delightful benefit in overcoming scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, pomades, &c., had been unsuccessfully tried.

Having gained the secret, and having introduced the Indian Hair Elixir in the U.S.A., Mr. Brittain has now an office in London, and he will send out 3,000 testing boxes to those who apply—only one to a person, either sex. To obtain a box it will be only necessary to send sixpence by P.O. or in stamps to Mr. J. Hart Brittain, 2, Percy Street, 90B, London, W., to cover advertising and mailing expense. The following coupon is available if desired:—

Mr. J. HART BRITTAIN, Date, ...
2, Percy Street (90B), London, W.

Please send me, post paid, one testing box of genuine Indian Hair Elixir. Sixpence enclosed.

NAME, ...

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS, ...

.....

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1917.

LADY DALMENY'S WORK AT WOOLWICH.

C.N.

No one is taking a deeper interest in war work than Lady Dalmeny. She is at present engaged at a munitions canteen at Woolwich.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED AND FIVE OF THE SIX MILLION.

C.N.

With the keenest interest these wounded soldiers, hailing from Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Scotland, and England, are listening to Sergeant-Major Parkinson telling the story of Balaclava. Major Parkinson, who has just passed away at Birmingham in his 84th year, was in the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), and he took part in fighting at Alma, in the famous charge at Balaclava, at Inkerman, and in the Siege of Sebastopol.

TITLED WAR NURSE'S ROMANCE.

Lallie Charles.

The engagement is announced of Lady Kathleen Hill, only daughter of the Marquis of Downshire, who has been working as a hospital nurse, to 2nd Lt. W. H. C. Rolle, of the Dragoon Guards.

"PUT ME AMONGST THE GIRLS."

THEIR 49th FLAG DAY.

MAKING THEMSELVES USEFUL IN HOSPITAL.

C.N.

One godchild for four midinettes. This French soldier is on leave, and he is making the most of his opportunity in the way of feminine companionship. Evidently he does not believe in the song, "If You Were the Only Girl in the World."

Yesterday Mrs Grimshaw and her two sons, Alec and Jack, took part in their 49th Flag Day in Glasgow. Their efforts were on behalf of the Y.M.C.A.

C.N.

A snapshot taken in the grounds of Mapperley Hall Hospital at Nottingham, where Lady Charles Bentinck is matron, showing a group of nurses and wounded Tommies clearing away the snow.

TO ATTEND WAR CONFERENCE.

C.N.

The Maharajah of Bikanir, one of the ruling chiefs in India, who has been invited to be present at the special sittings of the War Cabinet. He saw distinguished service in France during the earlier part of the war.

"PIGS IN CLOVER!"

Girl pupils who are learning farming under the auspices of a Midlands Education Committee, with some little pigs which are among the animals under their charge.

C.N.

"HELLO" IN MESOPOTAMIA.

On the Tigris the Turks and ourselves hold positions at different points on the river near Shatt-el-Hai. We are in touch with our communications, but the Turks depend on boat transports for their supplies. Photo shows:—Ready to press the button. Machine gunner in one of the front lines.

ROMANCE OF THE NEW DUKE OF ATHOLL'S WEDDING.

The stalwart Highlanders who formed the guard of honour at the wedding of the new Duke of Atholl. They were photographed at the entrance to Blair Castle, where the bride of the heir, in accordance with custom, was carried across the threshold. These Highlanders were members of the late Duke's army, and the group has a special interest now that the Marquis of Tullibardine has succeeded his father.

Photo, A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam.

AN EDINBURGH LADY WAR WORKER

Lafayette.

This is Miss Morris, of 32 West Mayfield, Edinburgh. She is distinguishing herself greatly by the amount of war work she is undertaking.

FAMOUS BOXER-AIRMAN.

This is the latest photograph of Georges Carpentier, the well-known boxer, who has just been decorated for his heroic work in the French Air Service.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.